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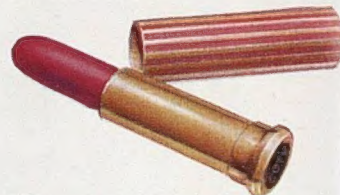


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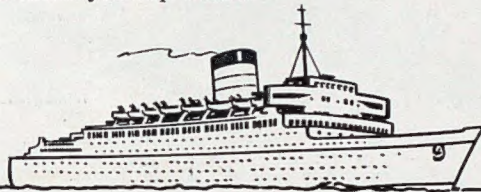
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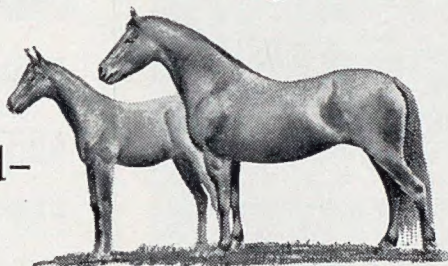
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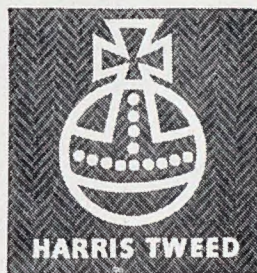


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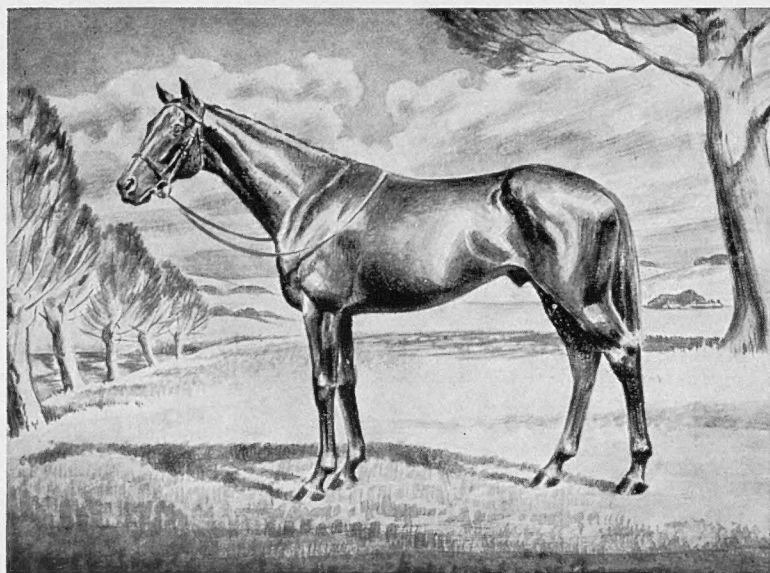
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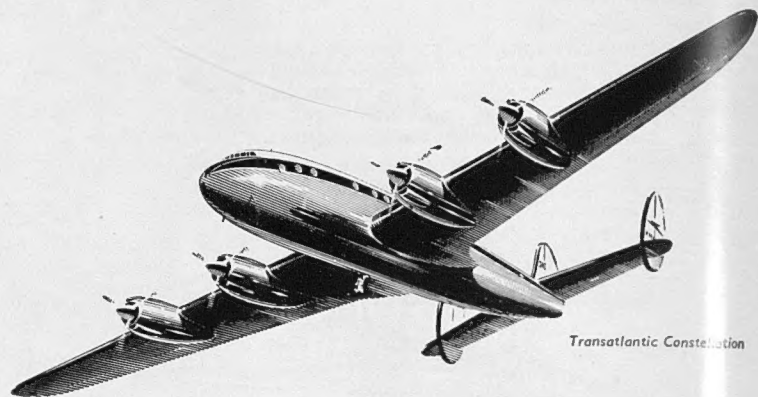
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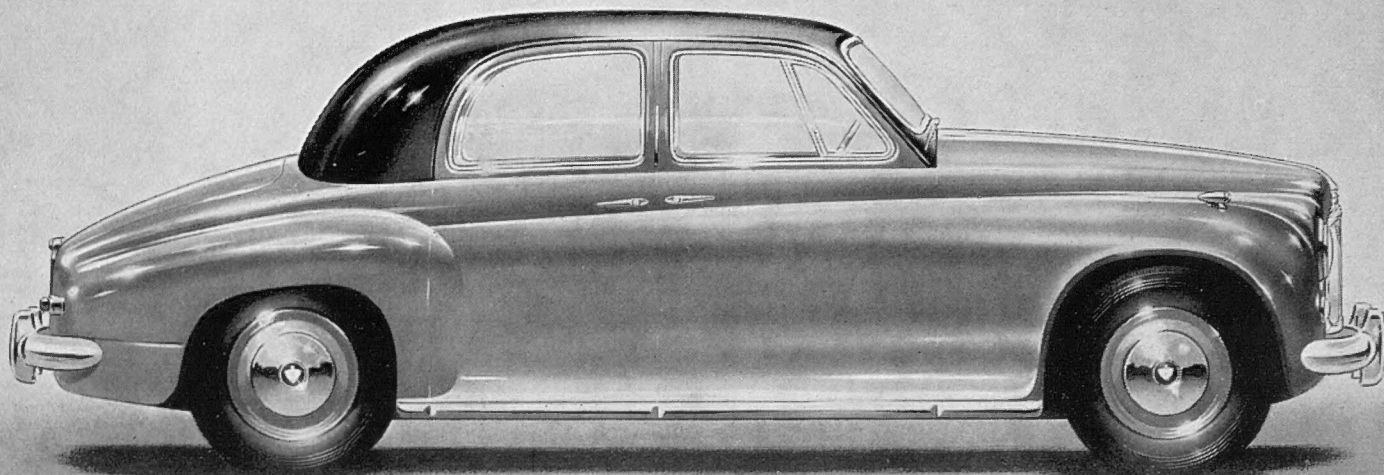
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Eric Coop

PRINCE AND PRINCESS FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA

HERE in the drawing-room of their home, Patmore Hall, Hadham, are seen Prince Frederick of Prussia, who is a great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria, and the Princess, formerly Lady Brigid Guinness, youngest daughter of the Earl of Iveagh. They are greatly interested in farming their estate deep in the beautiful Hertfordshire countryside. The Prince and Princess have two young sons and a daughter



Taking the curtain after a performance of rare brilliance are three of the principal singers: the Count (Paul Schöffler), Susanna (Irmgard Seefried) and Figaro (Erich Kunz). The Opera's visit ends on Saturday

VINTAGE OPERA FROM VIENNA

SINGERS of the Vienna State Opera received tumultuous applause at the end of their first performance of "The Marriage Of Figaro" at the Royal Festival Hall. Their London visit has been a musical occasion of the first order



In lively conversation during the second interval were Viscountess Moore and the Rt. Hon. Victor Mishcon, chairman of the L.C.C.



Drinking a toast to Miss Rita Streich, who also sings the part of Susanna, were impresario Mr. A. Delval and Mr. T. E. Bean, general manager of the Royal Festival Hall



Here Josef Anton Maur, vice-governor of the Tyrol, and Lady Maxwell-Fyfe looking at Mr. Harry R. Beard's Mozart exhibition



In thoughtful mood were Miss Emmy Loose, of the Vienna State Opera, and Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe



Mrs. Victor Mishcon and Baron Wimmer were enjoying a drink together during the interval before returning to their box



Mr. L. E. Thompson, U.S. Ambassador in Vienna, was chatting to Baroness Wimmer, wife of the Austrian Ambassador in London



Arriving at the Royal Festival Hall for the first performance of "The Marriage Of Figaro" were Mr. and Mrs. K. N. Blanhorn



Joining the audience in the foyer before the performance were Sir Henry Price, Bt., Lady Price and Gen. and Mrs. Aspinall Oglander



THE CHIEFTAIN ARRIVES to open the Aboyne Games in Aberdeenshire. The Marquess of Huntly walks with the Marchioness and their children Lady Lemina Gordon and the Earl of Aboyne. On the right is Col. J. W. Nicol, of Ballogie, and behind is the chieftain's personal standard, borne by Mr. George L. Williams, and Brig. C. V. S. Jackson



WELCOME TO THE QUEEN at the Highland Games at Braemar. Taking Her Majesty's hand is the Chieftain, the Marquess of Aberdeen, with whom is Mrs. Alwyne Farquharson. At the extreme left is Lord Carnegie, son and heir of the Earl of Southesk

Social Journal

Jennifer

A Royal Flourish To The Games

THE Marquess of Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, and Capt. Alwyne Farquharson, Laird of Invercauld, greeted the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh when they arrived at the Braemar Gathering. Also other members of the Royal Family who watched from the rowanberry-decorated Royal Pavilion. They included Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret who motored over from Birkhall, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, with their sons, Prince William and Prince Richard, and Prince Michael of Kent. With them was Lord Carnegie.

Unfortunately it was a pouring wet day, but in spite of this, a crowd of over 20,000 gathered around the arena to watch the programme of athletics, piping and dancing. The previous day many people had attended the Aboyne Games at Aboyne where the weather again was showery. It was a picturesque sight when the Marquess of Huntly, Chieftain of the Games, arrived, and his standard was unfurled over the arena and he walked in procession with the Countess of Erroll, Lord High Constable of Scotland, and her son, Lord Hay, with her husband, Capt. Iain Mon-

crieff of Easter Moncrieff just behind, to the pavilion. The Marchioness of Huntly, wearing a dark green jacket with a skirt of the Gordon tartan, was also there and their children Lady Lemina Gordon and the Earl of Aboyne.

Others present included Mr. H. R. Spence, M.P. and Mrs. Spence, Lady Burnett of Leys and her daughter, Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who wore a deep raspberry red tweed suit and brought her five young sons over from Crathes Castle, Sir Thomas Innes of Learney, Lt.-Col. J. Nicol of Ballogie, chairman of the Games, Lord Glentanar, who brought his house party, and Col. and Mrs. Lilburn of Coull.

WHEN I was up in Aberdeenshire recently I was amazed at the trail of havoc still to be seen on the ground resulting from the tornado that swept through many parts of Scotland on January 31, 1953. At Ballogie, which suffered some of the worst damage, Col. Nicol had 270 acres of trees devastated. Terrible damage was also done at Dunecht and in the woods around Lady Burnett of Leys's lovely home, Crathes Castle. It has been a tremendous work getting these thousands of trees carried away and we frequently met lorries piled

high with them on the way to timber yards, but there are still many hundreds waiting to be carried, and the work must go forward as a matter of urgency.

FROM friends in the west of Scotland I hear that a Highland Ball was held on consecutive nights at Portree, in the lovely Isle of Skye, and both were the greatest fun. The hall was decorated with branches of rowan and heather and tartans were draped along the balcony. The men all wore Highland dress and on the first night the women mostly wore their tartan sashes on white evening dresses. But it was really a gayer scene on the second night when no sashes were worn, and the women wore more colourful dresses. Lady Pamela Douglas-Hamilton brought a party including her daughter Fiona and her niece, Miss Jane Drummond-Hay with her fiancé, Mr. Timothy Whiteley. Sir Torquil and Lady Munro, the latter very elegant, wearing a diamond necklace with a yellow dress, also brought a party including their débutante daughter Fiona, who was in white, Miss Rohais Anderson, Lady Flavia Anderson's daughter who is coming out in London next season, Viscount Stormont and Capt. David Landale.

They were joined by Viscountess Gough's party as she was unhappily still laid up after her motor accident last month. These young people included Capt. Gavin Rowan-Hamilton, Miss Jean Garner-Smith, and Miss Venetia Maynard. The party from Broomhall, the Earl and Countess of Elgin's home, included their daughter, Lady Alison Bruce, Miss Elizabeth Abel-Smith, Lady Malvina Murray, who on the second night wore a pretty dress of maize coloured tulle with wild flowers on the skirt, Miss Camilla Crawley and Mr. Hugh Walker-Munro.

Others dancing reels and Scottish country dances enthusiastically both evenings included Viscount Tiverton, Miss Romaine Capper, the Hon. George Leslie Melville, Mr. Islay Campbell, Mr. Peter Stormonth-Darling, the Hon. Juliet Weld-Forester, Mr. Duncan Macleod and Mr. and Mrs. Iain Hilleary.

DONCASTER Yearling Sales were for many years of far more importance than the race meeting on the Town Moor during the same week. There were buyers from all over the world and bidding was brisk throughout. The famous Sledmere Stud sent up nine colts and their top price was 6,600 gns. for a good-looking bay colt, by Tudor Minstrel out of Temple Bar, for which I watched Mr. Clive Graham bidding quietly at the

[Continued overleaf]



The Countess of Erroll, the Misses Jane and Maryanne Berry, nieces of the Marchioness of Huntly, and Lord Hay, the Countess's six-year-old son, at the Aboyne Games



Lord Irwin, elder son of the Earl of Halifax, Mr. George Collings and Lady Irwin were discussing the excellent prices made at a morning session during the four days of the sales

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Racegoers Converged On Yorkshire

back of the auctioneer's box on behalf of the American trainer and breeder, Mr. Jim Ryan.

A little earlier that morning Mr. Jack Jarvis, standing near his patron, the Earl of Rosebery, was the final bidder with 5,600 gns. for an exceptionally good-looking Abernant colt out of Magdalen, sent up by Major H. Mitchell from his Barracks Stud in Buckinghamshire, while Mr. Thomson-Jones bought a very nice bay filly by Nimbus, out of Lake Tanganyika, from the same stud for Mr. Archie Kidston. Later, Mr. John Waugh gave 3,500 gns. for a useful-looking chestnut colt by Preciptic, out of Outspan, on behalf of Lord Howard de Walden, who was also at the sales that morning.

Others looking at the yearlings in their boxes or in the small parade ring included Sir Cecil Stafford-King-Harman, the Earl of Dunraven, whose ten yearlings from his Fort Union Stud in Co. Adare had sold well the previous evening, the Earl of Derby looking at several lots with Mr. Adrian Scrope, Sir Eric Ohlson, Capt. and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke receiving many congratulations on training the winner of the Champagne Stakes, Mr. David Robinson's Our Babu the previous day, Sir Randle Feilden talking to Mr. Fulke Walwyn, Sir "Gugs" Weatherby with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hastings-Bass, Lady Alexander Beasley, Mr. Rory and Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall, Mr. Jack Clayton, his sister, Miss Jane Clayton, and Mr. Jeremy Tree looking at a "lot" together.

NEARBY were the Earl of Feversham, Lord Porchester and Lord and Lady Hothfield, conversing with Mr. David McCall, who had recently been in America attending the bloodstock sales at Saratoga, and Capt. Peter Fitzgerald, R.N., with his charming wife who had brought over five very nice yearlings from their stud in Limerick which were sold that evening. These came up just after the nine yearlings from Major Mark Wickham-Boynton's Burton Agnes Stud which drew an even bigger crowd round the sale ring than the Sledmere yearlings that morning.

Bidding was brisk. The first lot, an Alycidon colt out of Bura, a Bahram mare, went to the North Country trainer, Mr. Sam Hall, for 2,800 gns. Then came a really lovely brown colt Matou, by Vatelour out of Muscida, which will be lost to English racing as it was sold to the American buyer, Mr. Jim Ryan, for 6,500 gns. The same buyer gave 5,400 gns. for Bank High, a well-grown chestnut colt by Hyperion out of Nith, which was the last Hyperion yearling in the catalogue. Major Wickham-Boynton's yearlings finally reached a total of 39,800 gns., which was an average of 4,422 gns.

Among those up at the Glasgow Paddocks that evening were Lady Zia Wernher with Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who trains her horses. He was receiving many congratulations on training Brig. Wyatt's Osborne to win the Doncaster Cup that afternoon.

MR. STANHOPE JOEL was looking at the Burton Agnes yearlings with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson-Jones, and I saw the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, Col. Giles Loder, who told me the yearlings from his stud will be coming up at the Dublin Bloodstock Sales shortly, the Earl of Carnarvon, Mr. Jack Thursby, Mr. and Mrs. Frank More O'Ferrall, the latter very pretty in a royal blue velvet coat, Mr. Pat Dennis with Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams. Also Enid Lady Chesterfield and Mr. Stephen Vernon.

Next morning the big attraction were the seven yearlings from Ireland belonging to Sir Percy Loraine and Mr. Roderic More O'Ferrall and bred at their Kildangan stud. These as expected made big money; their colt by Abernant out of the 1,000 Guineas winner, Queenpot, fetching 13,500 gns., the top price of the week. Another Fair Trial colt from this stud was sold to Mr. Gerber for 9,200. The seven lots made 42,300 gns., which averaged 6,043 gns. per yearling.

The highlight of the card on Thursday was the race for the Doncaster Cup, won by Brig. Willy Wyatt's magnificent stayer Osborne from Viscountess Bury's filly, Northern Gleam, trained



Mr. R. S. Clark, U.S. owner of the St. Leger winner, at the ringside with Mrs. Michael Collins and Mrs. R. S. Clark

THE YEARLINGS at Doncaster sales fetched higher prices than they have done for many years. Overseas demand was very keen, and many yearlings may be returning later, particularly those bought by U.S. owners, to achieve victories on British courses

at the Curragh by Capt. Darby Rogers. It looked extremely fit and ran a very good race, with the Earl of Rosebery's Prescription third. Brig. Wyatt was unfortunately laid up and unable to see the race, but Mrs. Wyatt was there with their schoolboy son and she received the cup from Alderman A. E. Gammidge, chairman of the Doncaster Race Committee. The luck of racing has once again come to the fore in the case of Osborne, as Brig. and Mrs. Wyatt bought him last winter from Col. Jimmy Innes for £2,000 as a lead horse for their St. Leger winner Premonition, in his preparation for cup races this summer.

Premonition as we know did not quite live up to expectations, but Osborne has surpassed the wildest hopes of his owner and his trainer, Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, to whom much credit must go, as besides winning the Doncaster Cup, he has won the Goodwood Stakes and the Great Yorkshire Stakes this season. Osborne is now going to be kept in training for the cup races next year and we all wish his very sporting owners, and his trainer, a victory with him in the much-coveted Ascot Gold Cup and any other event in which he is started.

AFTER the race I met Viscount and Viscountess Bury who had come over from Ireland to see Northern Gleam run, also Sir Malcolm McAlpine and his son, Mr. Malcolm McAlpine with his wife, who had come up from the South to see their very game stayer, Blarney Stone, and Sir Malcolm's Authority run in the cup. Miss Gladys Yule, the Earl of Derby, Maud Countess Fitzwilliam, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Capt. H. M. Keith, Major L. B. Holliday, the Hon. "Jakey" Astor, and Sir Victor Sassoon were other owners I saw watching their horses run that afternoon. The latter was watching from the Astley stand which is so conveniently near the paddock. Everywhere was much more crowded on the Saturday, but it struck me that there were not so many people as usual to see the St. Leger.

THE Ladies' Stand, with the small lawn in front, bordering so conveniently on Tattersalls for those who want to bet, and with a balcony and private luncheon room behind, is perhaps the most social of the many private stands. Entertaining here were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the latter on St. Leger day wearing a striking pale blue velvet beret, and the Hon. Rupert Beckett, who had his son-in-law and daughter, Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley, and Sir Eric Miéville staying with him.

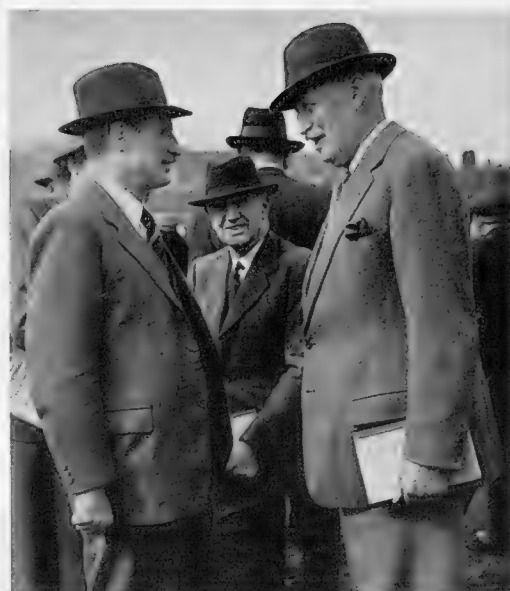
Lady George, who looked charming in navy blue and white, had bought a very nice Golden Cloud filly from the Tally Ho Stud at the sales earlier in the week. Maud Lady Fitzwilliam was at another table, and nearby were Lord Savile and his



Near the stables Mr. T. Lilley had stopped for a word with Mr. Jack Jarvis, the trainer



Lord Hothfield, who owns some very useful horses, was in conversation with Mr. Marcus Marsh



Sir Cecil Stafford-King-Harman, Bt., Mr. Allen Baker and Capt. Charles Moore, the Queen's racing manager

mother, Lady Savile, who had brought their house party over from Gryce Hall, which included the Hon. Charles and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton and Mr. Patrick Buckley. The Hon. Wentworth and the Hon. Mrs. Beaumont were with Lucia Viscountess Galway and her daughter-in-law, Viscountess Galway, in a big party which included Viscountess Galway's parents, Lord and Lady Stavordale, their son, the Hon. Charles Fox-Strangways, and the Hon. Celia Monckton.

Sir Thomas Pilkington brought his young house party over from Wakefield for luncheon here each day. They included Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham, Lord Patrick Beresford, Mr. Dick Gaskell and Mr. James Keith.

By the time the big race was run, the day had cleared up and visibility was perfect. It was a grand sight as the sixteen runners in this last classic of the season paraded in front of the long row of stands. They were off to a good start, then after the horses had rounded the final bend into the straight, Mr. R. S. Clark's Derby winner, Never Say Die, magnificently ridden by Charlie Smirke, started to move up and had soon passed all his rivals and went on to win with the greatest ease by twelve lengths. There was tremendous cheering as he was led in to the unsaddling enclosure, where his septuagenarian American owner, Mr. Robert S. Clark, was waiting. Mr. Clark, who, against his doctor's orders, had flown the Atlantic to see the St. Leger, has had his horses trained and raced in England for many years, and everyone was delighted to see this grand sportsman bring off the great double of winning the Derby and Leger with the same horse, which I hear he is going to keep in

training here next year. Mr. Clark also brought off another double that afternoon, as his chestnut, Tip the Bottle, who, like Never Say Die, is trained by Mr. Joe Lawson, won the event following the St. Leger, the Town Moor Handicap over seven furlongs.

OTHERS watching the racing that afternoon were the Earl and Countess of Sefton, the latter very chic in grey—they won the Doncaster Produce Stakes with Andros—Earl Cadogan, who had come down from Scotland and had the satisfaction of seeing his colt Burke the Issue win the first race, the Earl and Countess of Scarborough, who only came on St. Leger day, Miss Pinkie Fenwick watching an event with Mr. George Parkins, Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson and their daughter. Also Earl Fitzwilliam, the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait, Lord and Lady Grimthorpe, the latter wearing a short nutria jacket over a brown tweed suit, Col. and Mrs. Simon Lycett-Green and their pretty daughter Rose, Mrs. Reggie Sheffield, Lady FitzAlan of Derwent, and Sir Ronald and Lady Matthews and his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Matthews. Many people, some of whom I have already mentioned, enjoyed the hospitality of Lt.-Col. W. Hanwell and officers of the Queen's Own Yorkshire Dragoons in their tent at the back of the stand, where they gave a delicious buffet luncheon and refreshments throughout the afternoon on St. Leger day.

After racing I flew down to Croydon by Morton Air Services plane, when fellow passengers included Mr. and Mrs. William Woodward who had flown over here from the Continent to see their Ambler II run in the St. Leger before they returned to the

United States, Mrs. Forrestal, who was also returning to America shortly, Mr. Harold Christie, who had only arrived from Nassau a few days before and had been watching the racing from the Ladies' Stand, Mr. Clive Graham, one of our most versatile writers on racing, Charlie Smirke and his wife, Mr. Fay, who has been over from Sydney for the summer and who told me he had seen all our classics run, and Johnnie Longden the American jockey who was flying back to the U.S. later that evening.

★ ★ ★

As Sir John Troutbeck, the new President of the Anglo-Iraqi Society, was unfortunately unable to be present at the Society's recent dinner at Claridge's, Sir Harry Sinderson Pasha, one of the Vice-Presidents, kindly deputized for him and received the guests with Lady Sinderson. Sitting with them at the top table were the Iraqi Ambassador and H.R.H. the Princess Zeid ibn al-Hussein, who looked charming in purple with a small diamond tiara. Her very pretty daughter, Mme. Wesley Lau, was also at the table, wearing a green stole with her silver and white brocade ballet-length dress. She has been visiting friends in Turkey, and after spending three weeks with her mother at the fine Iraqi Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens, she was returning to rejoin her husband in New York. Nearby sat Viscount and Viscountess Bridgeman, Sir Walter and Lady Monckton, the latter in a beaded red dress, and Mr. P. S. Falla from the Foreign Office.

[Continued overleaf]



Mr. David Hewitt was having an ice-cream in the marquee with Miss Jacqueline Bibby, younger sister of the youthful hostess



Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Bibby with their daughter Shirley, for whom they gave the party at their home, Bingleaves



Two of the guests looking with great admiration at the presents were Mr. Brian Boydell and Miss Rhona Jacobs

Party To Celebrate The Coming-Of-Age Of Miss Shirley Bibby, At Wirral, Cheshire

J. Lindley

Social Journal (Contd.)

A Toast To Iraq

The first after-dinner speech was given by Sir Harry Sinderson Pasha. He was followed by Sir Walter Monckton, who was not only eloquent but as usual extremely amusing when proposing the toast of the Society. He referred to his days in Iraq during the early part of the last war, and then looking ahead, spoke briefly about the importance of the Trade Fair shortly to take place in Basra which King Feisal is going to visit.

Finally, Maj.-Gen. J. M. L. Renton, Vice-Chairman of the Society, who bears the distinction of having a commission not only in Her Majesty's Army but also in the Iraqi Army, replied. He made an amusing speech of which the theme was "Why worry?" He also referred to his years in Iraq and the many good friends he had made in the Alwyha Club.

Among others present at this very enjoyable dinner were Sir Thomas Creed, a former President of the Civil Court at Mosul, and Lady Creed, Mr. J. C. B. Edwardes and his charming wife, who wore a most attractive Chinese brocade jacket, Lady Cohen, who has recently been in Turkey where she stayed with our Ambassador and Lady Bowker, Mr. L. S. Maxwell and Mr. G. W. Dunkley, who are both connected with Iraqi oil, Judge Lloyd, for many years a legal personality in that country, Mr. Young, the hon. secretary of the Society, and Mr. and Mrs. John Marine. Mr. Marine and his family have a big interest in Iraqi dates which they ship to all parts of the world, and he told me he was departing shortly to spend three or four months in Basra.

★ ★ ★

ADRIANNE ALLEN got a big reception when she appeared in Mr. Warren Chetham-Strode's new play *The Pet Shop*, at the St. Martin's Theatre. In the audience on the opening night were her husband, Mr. William Dwight Whitney, and her son and daughter, Mr. Dan Massey and Miss Anna Massey. Sitting in the stalls I saw Sir Michael and Lady Balcon, the former looking very bronzed as the result of a brief holiday, Sir Walter and Lady Monckton, Lady Violet Bonham Carter, escorted by Mr. Godfrey Winn, Mrs. Enid Cameron, also very tanned after a holiday at Bembridge, Brig. and Mrs. Ronnie Johnston, the latter wearing a blue fox stole with her red evening dress, and nearby Lady Crosfield, who takes a great interest in the theatre.

Another first night two nights later was the opening of *All For Mary*, the new farce at the Duke of York's, which provided one of the gayest evenings in the theatre for a long time. The audience were laughing continuously, and all the players appeared to be on top of their form. Kathleen Harrison, who plays the part of an elderly nannie who nurses two young gentlemen with chicken pox in an Alpine hotel, had a wonderful ovation at the end of the piece.

MR. HENRY SHEREK, who presents the play, sat in a box with Margaret Lockwood and the Hon. Mrs. Guy Beauchamp. His wife, the Hon. Mrs. Sherek, missed this amusing opening, as she was away in Tanganyika staying with her brother, the Hon. Mildmay Boscawen.

Incidentally, Mr. Sherek told me that he has just bought the rights of the late Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood* and hopes to present the play at next year's Edinburgh Festival.

The authors of *All For Mary*, Harold Brooke and his wife Kay Bannerman, who live on a farm at Long Melford in Suffolk, were receiving many congratulations in the foyer. Mr. Brooke is a brother of Ann Todd, who was unable to be present as she was playing Lady Macbeth at the Old Vic.

Also in the audience that night were the Earl and Countess of Yarborough, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, who came with Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Nigel Patrick and his actress wife Beatrice Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Boris Karloff and many other theatre celebrities.



Miss Pat Smythe, famous horsewoman, waiting with the renowned Tosca to go into the ring for the Open Jumping. British National Dressage Championships were also part of the afternoon's entertainment, and horses chosen for Britain's international three-day team did well in this, as well as in the jumping

CAVALRY'S DAY AT SANDHURST

THE horse returned triumphantly to the Army when the Camberley Staff College and R.M.A. Sandhurst held their joint Show in the latter's grounds. A very large attendance of spectators, retiring occasionally to watch from the windows when the showers became too torrential, applauded the programme enthusiastically



All ready to start for the Marathon was Sir Dymoke White, Bt.'s coach. Sitting with Sir Dymoke is Miss Woolmer White, and behind are Capt. Frank Gilbey, Mrs. Hugh Seymour and Miss Jane Matthew



Capt. G. H. S. Webber and Lt.-Col. B. King, M.C., were here judging the Foxhunter competition, which had 117 entries



Miss Georgina Helbronner and Mr. Frederick Noad extemporized a grandstand from the luggage boot of their car



Capt. and Mrs. R. S. Carrick and S/Ldr. A. Le Hardy, O.B.E., strolling on the parade ground between showers



Mr. D. A. Organ, Mrs. Oliver Gilbey, Mrs. L. W. Gormley and Mr. G. P. Male, O.B.E., were judging children's ponies

At The Races

IN-AND-OUT LEGER

• Sabretache •

PROBABLY in the whole history of the great race founded by Anthony St. Leger in 1776 we have never had quite so many chops and changes as this year, and right up to the end no one could have been quite sure what the composition of the field was going to be. For instance, a week before the race the cry was all for Ambler II, then a few days afterwards we heard that his owner wanted him back in America, then that he would run after all.

Before that we had been told, and it was quite right, that fit and well Infatuation was bound to win, and I am sure that he would have done so if it had been decided to risk his preparation. Then we had various others: the Derby winner Never Say Die, who was right up at the top of the betting up to almost the last moment and then that gay winner of the Ebor, By Thunder!, whose owner never lost heart, and a whole lot more of them including Elopement, who was given us as "the best poor-man's bet." Her Majesty's Landau was switched off to America for the Washington International, which is run on November 3, just about the time when we shall be getting pretty busy at Aintree. And in the end Never Say Die won it as I was sure all along that he would.

Now all that we have got to do is to find the winners of the Autumn Double.

TO hark back to this jumping business, which cropped up recently at Newton Abbot, etc., probably it has never been so generally popular almost the world over since the days of the Centaurs, for when there is no steeplechasing or the almost more perilous hurdle racing, we have these continuing horse shows. Even if they are not so breathtaking as the top speed performances between the flags, these shows do engender a certain amount of emulation and excitement amongst those who are content with the artificial as opposed to the more substantial things to be met with on our steeplechase courses—and also out hunting, if and when wire permits. The shows, therefore, occupy a place to which in former days they were not so much entitled.

SOME records of high jumping at shows may be of interest. One of the best of them was put up in Australia as long ago as 1919, when a pony only 14.3½ called Lone Star with 10.9 on his back jumped 7 ft. 7 in., a performance to be followed very shortly afterwards by a horse named Sundown, who jumped 7 ft. 8 in. Sundown was a big one, nearer 16.1 than anything else. The weight he had on his back was not given, but the actual burden does not count so much as does its composition, fourteen stone of dead weight being a much heavier impost than fourteen stone of first-class horseman.

Some people always have, and always will, ride a stone above their actual weight. It is very much the same thing as what is called "ham handedness," or being "heavy on your feet." The art of how not to be either of these things cannot be taught. They may, perhaps, be helped to a certain extent, in the case of hands, by confidence and a very secure seat and, in the case of the plump-putting horseback rider, by practice. But usually in both cases it is pretty hopeless trying to "teach" these things. Hands on a horse are very much the same as those on the rudder lines in a boat, and both are exactly the same as tact in another department of life.





HEDDA REVIEWS HER TROOPS. With her revolver, the formidable female (played by Peggy Ashcroft), casts a highly sceptical eye over her bookworm husband George Tesman (George Devine), Judge Brack (Micheal Mac Liammóir) and author Eilert Lovborg (Alan Badel)

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations
by Emmwood

At the Theatre

"Hedda Gabler" (Lyric, Hammersmith)

MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT gives the autumn season a flying start with her Hedda Gabler, an interpretation which is novel and brilliantly persuasive.

The general's pistol-firing daughter was Ibsen's characteristically ambiguous present to the great actresses of his day. She was unlike any other of his heroines. She raised no problem except the problem of her own peculiarity. Actresses were free—within a story provided with situations of luscious theatrical intensity—to make pretty well what they pleased of this strange personality. But they belonged to their time and shared its high moral tone. The nineteenth-century way with pessimistic art was to treat it with a decent solemnity.

They did their magnificent best, accordingly, to fill the given outline of Hedda's character with as much as possible of tragic beauty. If the odd effect of their various magnificences was to make nonsense of the play, that could not be helped. Ibsen was notoriously without a sense of humour.

Now along comes Miss Ashcroft to suggest that the old Norwegian had in fact the same tough-minded humour as our own Elizabethans, whose masterpieces of sardonic comedy we are only just learning to stomach. His was a humour which is quite at home in the heart of calamity. What though Hedda wrecks another woman's happiness, drives a man to disgrace and death and, finally, shoots herself? Is it not grimly amusing that these appalling actions should be prompted by nothing more important than the desire to import some colour and excitement into her boring humdrum surroundings?

IN order to gratify her desire, such a woman must have some cleverness, plenty of energy and a personal fascination. These things Ibsen allows her, but he is careful to deny her conscience, the power of feeling, courage, judgment or indeed any single redeeming quality that might help her to make a tragic impression.

However came this heroine to be regarded in the theatre as a figure of demonic possession, of tragic intensity? She is intended surely to be plain minx, fascinating in her

nastiness, but also grimly amusing in her ridiculous pretentiousness. She does a deal of harm, it is true, but invariably she misjudges the real situation. Even when she finds the courage she has always lacked and shoots herself through the temple "beautifully," her gesture is completely wasted, for no one grasps its significance. Her death is calculated to stir in the audience no other emotion than a sardonic satisfaction. The bitter has been bit, and pity is out of place.

It is as an essentially comic character that Miss Ashcroft plays her. The fineness of the playing consists in the unfailing certainty with which it sets Hedda's odious actions in an ironic light and at the same time forces them to yield their full theatrical flavour. Never once does the performance fall into burlesque. Yet there is not a moment when we cannot salt our enjoyment with the reflection that the heroine's pretensions to aesthetic taste, to aristocracy of spirit or the nobleness of despair are preposterous.



THEA ELVSTED (Rachel Kempson), source of great inspiration to the melancholy Lovborg

THE theatrical things are all done with firm and delicate exactness, the wilful mistaking of Aunt Nora's new bonnet for the maid's, the punishing of her good-natured husband for his irritating dullness by leading him into further extravagance, the dangerous flirting amid the cigar smoke with Judge Brack, the tempting of the reformed drunkard, the putting of the pistol into Lovborg's hands afire with the hope of a romantic suicide, the burning of the manuscript. Yet the whole performance, for all its exactness, is pervaded by the comic spirit.

Mr. Peter Ashmore's production is excellent in every respect and the acting is good at all points. Mr. Micheal Mac Liammóir is not my idea of Judge Brack, who should, I think, be coarser, with a more offhand suggestion of sinister possibilities; but his dapper provincial beau is very amusing. Miss Rachel Kempson, though obviously miscast as to features, acts the weak and touching Thea remarkably well. Mr. George Devine has just the right maddening amiability and lack of comprehension for Hedda's husband, and Mr. Alan Badel endows Lovborg with a mind to be wrecked by his wretchedly weak will.



Sir Geoffrey CoryeWright

THIS LITTLE MERMAID, freed from the bondage of cold northern skies, is one of a group which holds the nets of fisherfolk around the spacious terrace of the Sporting Club in Monte Carlo. The group was arranged by M. Jacques Lefevres for this season's Bal de Mer Gala

London Limelight



Constance Wake doubts her mother Adrianne Allen's identity in *The Pet Shop*

Old Problem, New Dress

MR. CHETHAM-STRODE is one of those playwrights who work with a Theme and an Idea, and the results can be very good, as with *The Guinea Pig*, or indifferent, as with *The Pet Shop* (St. Martin's). The catch about this method of construction is that characters inevitably have to fall into line, a piece of subservience only performed by dullards or puppets.

The subject here is a child deliberately produced as a possession by an unmarried woman. This provides the mother, Adrianne Allen, and the daughter, Constance Wake, with a number of high-power emotional scenes, the impact of which is destroyed because any playgoer can spot them ten minutes ahead of schedule.

The one figure who begins life as a cypher and takes an obstinate hold on the proceedings is the young man who provides the secondary love theme. Peter Myers seizes on this with the vitality of a schoolboy in a waxworks show, and nearly—very nearly—saves the evening.

SOME collected essays of Desmond MacCarthy have been republished under the title *Theatre* (Macgibbon and Kee; 12s. 6d.), and for most people this announcement will need no further bush. Deferentially it may be added that the reader is carried back to the productions of the past, to the heyday of Maugham and Galsworthy, to the youth of Mr. Coward, by an epicurean judge. Dramatists rather than players are the dominant note, which is as it should be, but it is exciting to find glimpses of Meggie Albanesi, C. V. France, Mrs. Pat (who gets an essay of supreme elegance all to herself), and to be thus confirmed, to the best of beliefs, that there were giants in those days.

PERFECTION is best saluted rather than described, and *Figaro*, at the Royal Festival Hall, with the Vienna State Opera, admits of no lesser epithet. Only the long, narrow stage, reminiscent of a modern film screen, and the makeshift but inoffensive setting, fall short. For the rest, the conducting, the acting and the singing, there can be nothing but gratitude.

One can write of porcelain, of the liquid glint of diamonds, of flowers drenched in dew, and conjure a thousand grandiose similes conveying no true image. Mozart can rarely be robbed of his charm, even by indifferent performance, but given a galaxy of great singers and musicians, then he lifts the heart as does no other master. Like Shakespeare, he is full of quotations, but each remembered necklace seems restrung and repolished by this company of unmatched virtuosity.

—Youngman Carter



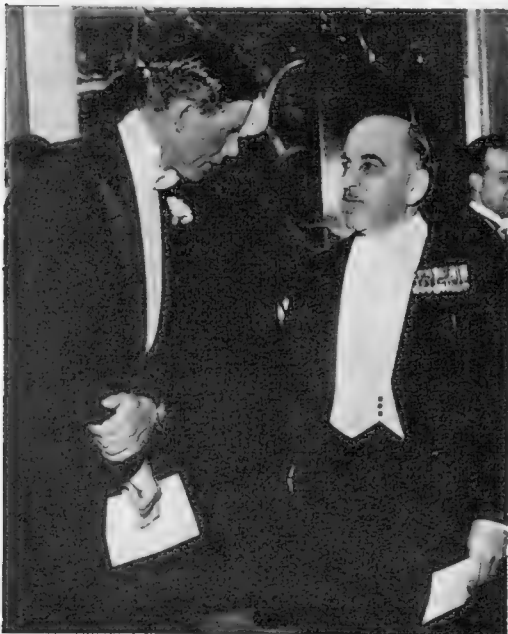
HANDCLASP FOR A NEAR EAST FRIEND

THE Iraqi Ambassador was a guest of honour at Claridge's, when 120 friends gathered under the auspices of the Anglo-Iraqi Society for the annual dinner. Sentiments of warm friendship and appreciation were exchanged both in conversation and during the toasts, a proposer of the latter being Sir Walter Monckton, Minister of Labour. Jennifer describes the proceedings at the dinner on pp. 553-554



H.R.H. Princess Zeid ibn al-Hussain, the Ambadress, being greeted by Mr. Stewart Perowne, O.B.E.

While Lady Monckton took an aperitif, Sir Walter explained to her and Viscount Bridgeman the sequence of the toast list. This was the tenth annual dinner of the Society, which does a great deal to foster good relations between the two countries



Mr. Hilary St. V. Longley-Cook talking to the Iraqi Ambassador, H.R.H. al-Amir Zeid ibn al-Hussein



Exchanging notes were Mr. G. W. Dunkley, O.B.E., and Judge Al Taha, from Basra



Lady Sinderson received guests with Sir Harry Sinderson, who is the Society's Vice-President



Mrs. Sims, Brig. G. A. Sims, C.B.E., and Lt.-Col. Gerald de Gaury, M.C., were also among the guests



Dr. R. Dixon Firth, Major-Gen. J. M. L. Renton, vice-chairman of the Council, and Viscountess Bridgeman



Before going in to dinner, Mrs. J. A. Newton was chatting with Mr. J. A. Newton, Sir Thomas Creed, Principal of Queen Mary College, University of London, and Lady Creed

Swaebe



DINING OUT

Sortie to the Countryside

THE evenings are drawing in . . . it is still pleasant if you have a car or can sit in somebody else's to escape from the rush and bustle of London Town on a fine evening and get out into the country, but take one or two precautions.

In particular, one should go only during the week in the summer, for motoring back to London at the week-end is appalling. You find yourself in a great creeping carpet of motor-cars, and the frustration, irritation and exhaustion you suffer dim the memory of some gastronomic feat that may have been performed at the establishment where you chose to dine.

There are within easy reach of London some excellent hotels, such as THE BELL INN, at Hurley, the village being just off the main road between Maidenhead and Henley. The Bell is expensive, but nothing derogatory is meant by this word. They don't pretend to be anything else.

It is a lovely inn, built over 800 years ago. As far as its cuisine—English or French—its wines and its comfort are concerned, in the jargon of to-day: "It's got everything," Aldo Rossi, who runs it, has definitely "*Le nez pour le client*," scorning "*Spécialités de la Maison*" because, as he points out, everything is prepared especially for the individual client and that is why he likes you to arrive well ahead to order your requirements and your wines so that all may be in the best possible condition when you commence to feast.

As an example of intelligent attention to detail, they have special razor-sharp knives for grills and game.

A much smaller place, which will leave more of Her Majesty's currency in your wallet when you leave, is an extremely charming old country inn, THE ONSLOW ARMS, at West Clandon, built in 1623, and reached by taking the left fork after Ripley, on the Portsmouth Road, when travelling in the direction of Guildford.

Being a free house you have a fine choice of some of the best beers brewed in England to-day, and very good they are. George Short, the proprietor (who is 6 ft. 2 ins.), has built a reputation for excellent food at this country inn, specialising in straightforward English fare. The quality of the salmon, lobsters and the grills is of a high order, and maybe he will run one speciality in any particular week, such as *Coq au Vin* or fried chicken, but the cuisine is both simple and good, and is supported by a very adequate wine list.

In the Onslow's covenant there is a clause which ties it to the market gardens of the Earl of Onslow for its vegetables. This accounts for their splendid freshness and can cause the hotel no inconvenience because the gardens are only a mile distant.

—I. Bickerstaff



MR. MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE — AND FRIENDS

Talk Around the Town

BEFORE long, I suppose, Sir Kenneth Clark will become one of the busiest men in London. His new job as chairman of the Council of the newly-created Independent Television Authority will involve a tremendous amount of planning and supervisory work.

Indeed, one would have thought that Sir Kenneth's new duties would place a full-time demand on his energies.

IGATHER, however, that he expects to be able to combine them with his existing functions as chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain—a post which he has held since May of last year, and one which has hitherto imposed upon him a heavy programme, including a certain amount of travel. He is, in fact, scheduled to visit the United States later this autumn.

I do not doubt, however, that Sir Kenneth will succeed in his aims. He is that kind of a person and is endowed with more

than the average quota of energy and ability. It is understandable, however, that rumour has it that he has been looking for suitable headquarters offices for the I.T.A. near to the existing home of the Arts Council, at 4, St. James's Square. It would, of course, be ideal for him if he could acquire the beautiful house next door of the Earl of Strafford—one of those famous London family homes of which so many have become too big for private occupation.

MEANWHILE, rumour continues busy about the name of the first Director-General of the I.T.A., on whose shoulders will presumably fall a great part of the burden of creating the new organisation.

Despite a welter of speculation about many "possibles" for the post of D.-G., I still hear only two names seriously mentioned. One has been publicly discussed—that of Sir Gerald Barry, who was knighted for his services as Director-General of the Festival of Britain, after a life mainly spent

in Fleet Street. But the mantle will not, I think, fall on his shoulders.

The other, who has not, I believe, been tipped, is Mr. Jack Beddington, deputy chairman of a leading advertising agency, and from 1940 to 1946 Director of the Films Division of the Ministry of Information, where he served with Sir Kenneth Clark during the war. The two men are close friends.

But Mr. Beddington may consider himself too old at sixty-one—though he looks and acts ten years younger.

If Sir Kenneth Clark has his way the Director-General will be picked from the hierarchy of the Civil Service—"no names, no pack drill." Such an appointee could be expected to maintain good liaison with the Treasury—which will be providing a lot of the finance out of our pockets—and would be trained in agreeing with the directives issued by his latest boss.

★ ★ ★

AFRIEND recently returned from Vichy tells me that he was greatly impressed after dinner and music one evening at the Casino to hear the orchestra break into "God Save the Queen." As an ex-R.A.F. officer of senior rank he rose to his feet with a glow of satisfaction that France—even Vichy France—thus recognised the value of the Anglo-French alliance, and

presumed that some senior British diplomat was among the assembled company.

As a member of the orchestra passed close to his table on his way out he asked him in whose honour they had played the British National Anthem. "That," replied the musician, "was not the British National Anthem. It was the Anthem of Switzerland."

"And why do you play the Swiss National Anthem?" he enquired with some surprise. "But do you not understand?" he was told. "It was Switzerland that saved us from occupation during the war." My friend, who had organised many perilous wartime air missions over "unoccupied" France to aid the Resistance, was overcome with a deep sense of depression.

★ ★ ★

FOR those of us who began our motoring in the Edwardian era and carried on through the great vintage years of the 1920's there was something delightfully nostalgic about the final tests and prize-giving at Goodwood the other week-end which marked the conclusion of the Anglo-American Vintage Car Rally, sponsored by the British Travel Association.

The American team, entered by the Veteran Motor Car Club of America, after meeting the British team in Edinburgh, had driven with them in friendly rivalry on the road through such pleasant places as Alnwick, York, Cambridge, Oxford, Warwick, Cheltenham, Winchester and Chichester to Goodwood.

They had journeyed from all over the United States. These were not just visitors from the eastern seaboard, but had come from Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, New Mexico and California also.

EVERY one of the twenty motor-cars entered has an impressive record and, thanks to many years of loving care and attention, still performs on road and track with astonishing verve—though it must be admitted that the older warriors put a heavy demand on the skill and brawn of the driver when it comes to cornering at speed—as we saw on the Goodwood test course.

It was perhaps a pity that in the "Vintage" (1914-28) class the average age of the British entries was so much younger than that of the Americans. Understandably, British preoccupation with World War I. sharply divided the car production decades of 1904-14 and 1920-30.

Thus, at Goodwood, one was struck by the

SOME THOUGHTS UPON

AN EDITOR

What have we here? Don Quixote in fresh format?
A new birch broom to clean Tradition's doormat?
Is Mister Punch disguised as Sancho Panza?
Behold a man who in an earlier stanza
Lectured in Cairo full of youthful urges,
Wintered in Moscow yet survived the purges.
(Pale pens pink-tipped beside the Samovars)
A routine traveller in no tram of ours.
He edited (it must be said, *piano*)
The Papers and the Diary of Ciano:
Served Kemsley, Guardian and the Evening Beaver.
Here is the man, with Toby as retriever,
Who aimed with malice some have voted sinister
A paper dart at Britain's foremost Minister.
Post-prandial brain child of Round Table lunch?
But was it, sir, quite good enough for Punch?

P.Y.C.

● ● ●

fact that the American entries were notable for cars built in 1916, 1918 and 1919—years unknown to the British connoisseur. For the same reason the names of Vauxhall, Alvis, Sunbeam, Frazer-Nash and Bentley were more familiar to us during the '20's than those of Pierce-Arrow, Biddle, Stutz, Kissel and Mercer.

REVIVAL of past happy memories was completed by the rally at Goodwood of more than 250 "Veteran" and "Vintage" cars, all of the period when Brooklands was the Mecca of the motoring enthusiast. Indeed, walking round the sheds in the paddock one might well have jumped back a quarter of a century to the old setting at Weybridge, when each man's sports car was his special pride, equipped usually with some "secret weapon" which, in his eyes, gave it a peculiar "edge" over its fellows.

There was a link between past and present in the fact that the Duke of Richmond—one-time "service-mechanic first-class" with Bentley Motors and competitor at Brooklands—should have been there to welcome and entertain the visitors and hand over the massive trophy presented by the R.A.C. For it was the Duke of Richmond who, noting the wartime demise of Brooklands, jumped in to convert the perimeter track of the R.A.F. Fighter Command airfield on his property at Westhampnett, into the first new post-war rendezvous for motor-racing.

In the concluding Concours d'Elegance a word must be given to Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Sears, who had brought along the most

astonishing 1927 Silver Ghost Rolls-Royce which I have yet beheld. Built specially to the order of a former director of Woolworths—a collector of period furniture—this remarkable body reproduces in miniature a perfect Louis XIV. *salon*, complete with ceiling painted by a famous artist, upholstered in period tapestry and equipped with beautifully inlaid cabinets—now cunningly converted to present-day duties of refreshment and beauty restoration.

Yes. Very definitely Vintage.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR from friends who have just come back from the Riviera that the harbours are just as crowded as the roads, with national flags flying in a profusion reminiscent of a United Nations General Assembly. Apparently it is no uncommon experience to find the maritime equivalent of "Car Park Full" outside all the principal yachting ports along 100 miles of coast unless special advance arrangements have been made.

Of the big luxury yachts, the 1,500-ton converted corvette *Christina*, belonging to Mr. Onassis, the Greek shipping millionaire, is probably the most improbable boat afloat, yet somehow manages to be in good taste.

The glass cocktail bar, through whose surface one gazes down upon an unending procession of superb little model ships, from the earliest of man's creation to the latest, "floating" upon a further layer of Mediterranean blue glass, is certainly novel. But the fact that they are ceaselessly propelled by an invisible mechanism of endless chain and magnets, steaming and sailing majestically beneath the possibly bilious gaze of the post-casino imbibers, could have its moments of horror.

Nor does one expect to find afloat a ballroom whose floor, on pressing of a button, descends 8 ft. to form a swimming-pool into which warm, scented water pours in many coloured streams, before whose glories the fountains in Trafalgar Square pale their insignificant fires. Just the same, it must be rather pleasant to be that rich—or even to be a member of the forty-man crew.

★ ★ ★

ONE of my acquaintances was outrageously delighted by the result of the Leger. This was a young lady recently jilted, but who yet lives in hope. She backed Never Say Die to the limit of her purse, and was doubly thrilled by the distance by which it defeated Elopement.

—*Criticus*



British and American Vintage Cars took the Air at Goodwood

Competing in the Concours d'Elegance in a 1906 Ford were Mr. J. E. Ford, Mr. Bill Ford, Mrs. Ford and Mr. E. W. Bemis, all of whom had come from America

Mrs. V. F. Gamble, Mrs. W. F. Watson, Miss A. Smith and Janet Sunderland saw Gay Watson, Mr. Watson and Mr. A. M. Button off in their 1911 Rolls

Snugly wrapped up against the wind, Mr. John Harris and Miss Terry Jennings drove the celebrated *Genevieve*, whose film adventures proved so diverting



Against the mantling cumulus and silhouette of pines, Mr. P. Watson, from Leopoldville, and Count John de Bendern, former British amateur champion, watch the winner, Bobby Locke, driving off from the eighth tee



Driving from the tenth is C. F. Agate, of Cambridge, with his partner, A. Leclerc, taking note

GOLF IN THE MOUNTAINS, at Crans-sur-Sierre, is one of the most delightful of fixtures. Here, during the recent golf week, the Open Championship of Switzerland was won by Bobby Locke, who beat J. B. Ado, of France, runner-up, by two strokes

Priscilla in Paris The Theatres Warm Up

BACK, back to the sea after a hurried and deeply resented visit to Paris!

It was quite unbearable to be away from the Island now that midsummer is with us again, that we can sun-bathe after swimming, that the campers' phonographs are hushed, that excursion cars from the mainland are beautifully less, that the local (and now empty) hotels no longer have reason to bag the finest lobsters, and that the wary prawns have returned to their favourite pools!

During the month of August householders on the Island are inclined to believe that the fish comes down from Paris: that is why, having been starved of all fish except the ubiquitous *sardines fraîches* of the hawkers, my first town luncheon was at Prunier's. As I blissfully absorbed my first oyster I made a wish; it was *Oliver Twist*! I hear that cerulean-eyed Line Renaud, singer of so many tuneful song hits, ate seven dozen *Marennes* in a little over a quarter-of-an-hour the other day. One swallow does not make a summer we are told, but Line Renaud's swallows opened the autumn season for the gossip writers.

MANY friends passing through Paris seem to have had the same longing for delicate fish fare as I did. In the cool upstairs rooms at the rue Duphot I found the Jean Barreyres—otherwise "Toto and Totote"—back from the Haute

Folie, purring over their caviare; the comtesse Halléz, in town to bid farewell to her grandchildren, who are off to Dakar for the winter; the baronne de Navacelle, recently called back from her beloved Ker Charette, at Noirmoutier, in order to cheer her thirty-year-old son through a bout of . . . measles; and the Marcelhacys, two eternal honeymooners (despite their nine children), up from their lovely house at Versailles to attend a *matinée* of *l'Heure Eblouissante* (of which they seem to have had so many themselves) at the théâtre Antoine.

VISITORS to Paris who, during August, so often find the best theatres closed, or sub-let to house second-rate productions that would hardly be accepted in small provincial towns, will now find that last spring's successes are again to be seen. The théâtre des Arts has reopened with Colette's *Gigi*. *La Manière Forte*, played by the ineffable Robert Lamoureux, is again at the Athénée. Danièle Delorme is once more Colombe for a short season at the Atelier, and the magnificent *Dialogue des Carmélites* is to be seen at the Hébertot "on" the boulevard des Batignolles.

I went to the Atelier on the opening night and found that it was quite an event. I was as thrilled as a country cousin. I had not realised that it was almost three months since I had set foot in a theatre. Never, in all my life, except during the Other War, have I stayed away so long from what is

the happiest of all my pleasures—play-going. Also I have a sentimental fondness for the théâtre de l'Atelier.

It is stuffy. The stalls are quite the most uncomfortable in Paris, but it is there that Jean-Louis Barrault, when he was in the late Charles Dullin's company, first became known to us. I even like the cramped proportion of the foyer that, during the long intervals between the acts of all French productions, disgorges its audience out into the dusty, gas-lit Place Dancourt, where the good wives of the neighbourhood sit knitting under the town-scorched trees, where dogs scratch themselves, and wise, old children whisper ugly secrets to each other.

A NUMBER of new plays are due shortly, of which the most eagerly awaited is *Les Cyclones*, by Jules Roy, played by Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay at the Michodière. We look forward also to Tchekov's *The Cherry Orchard*. The French version is by Charles Neveux, and will be produced by Jean-Louis Barrault, with décors by Wakhévitch, at the Marigny theatre, where he and his wife, Madeleine Renaud, open their winter season in October. Happy nights, my merry masters, happy nights.

Meanwhile, we go down to the sea, not in ships but in *espadrilles*, with prawning nets over our shoulders. We are revelling in long, lazy afternoons, red-gold sunsets and starlit nights, but we know that these carefree hours are passing swiftly. . . . The town stage waits!

Enfin!

● *Bucolic query*: "Does a cow never get tired of twitching its tail or the flies tired of dodging it?"



Contessa Maria Smeccchia, from Milan, and Mme. Jacques Washer, former Swiss ladies' champion



On the terrace of the Sporting Club: the Comtesse des Courtils, from Paris, with her daughter Frances



Calculating the scores of the favourites were the Duchesse d'Elchingen and Mme. André Jameson



Mrs. R. G. Patton, from Monaghan, Ireland, H.E. Mons. Walther de Bourg, and Mrs. D. Rombaldi, of Montreal



Mr. Gordon Huddy (right), captain of the Cambridge team, with his partner, Rigoletto Lanini. Mr. Huddy was third amateur



Mr. William P. Richmond (U.S. Embassy, Paris), Mrs. H. C. MacCollom (U.S.) and M. Georges Payot, Swiss amateur



Three experts follow the game: Mr. W. K. Robertson (also hon. secretary, Wengen Curling Club), Mme. Vercore, and M. Alfred Vercore, captain of a leading Brussels golf club



R. H. Schloss
The Vicomtesse de St. Sauveur with Miss Jean Donald, 1953 British lady amateur champion, Miss Anneliese Schiff, Netherlands champion, and Alain de St. Sauveur



One of the most stirring sights is to see the horses in the paddock paraded before the start of the race. On this occasion, the skies were clear and the going perfect, while the spectators followed the long-trying parade, endeavouring to spot the winner

THRILLING ST. LEGER MADE TURF HISTORY

CONTRARY to the doubtful forecast, the sun shone at Doncaster and spectators at the St. Leger saw it run in fine weather. Seldom has there been a more eventful race. The American horse Never Say Die, favoured by some after his victory in the Derby, finally started favourite, took the lead three furlongs from home and won by no less than twelve lengths from the very gallant Elopement



Never Say Die and his jockey, C. Smirke, were proudly led home after their victory by owner Mr. R. S. Clark



Studying their programmes before the race in company with Mr. Jack Thurstall, the sixteen runners in the St. Leger



Eagerly awaiting the chief race of the afternoon were Major and Mrs. P. Starkey and Major P. Peel



In thoughtful mood were Mrs. Peter Clifton, Col. Clifton, Mrs. Norman Johnstone and Miss Philippa Cobbold



Miss Anne Franklin, Miss Cecilia Franklin and Mr. Duncan McIntosh were from Yorkshire, while Mr. Richard Wright had come from Repton



Miss Susan Wilberforce, with her aunt, Lady Illingworth, and Mr. Walter Nichols were taking a stroll before lunch



Mr. H. G. Ferguson, Mrs. Fawcett, Mr. T. C. Fawcett and Mrs. Ferguson were all champions of Arabian Knight, owned by Mr. J. E. Ferguson



Other spectators included Major J. McL. Grant, Mrs. Goodrich, Mr. Dougal Callander and Mr. G. Goodrich

st of the race were Mr. G. Sheffield, (t) and Mrs. Thursby. There were t exciting of St. Legers

Swaebe



"Attention! Voilà une vraie bobine de chez Barclay . . ."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

A DELICATE pen-drawing in the *Times* publicity-columns of the Monte Carlo branch of Barclays Bank, nestling in the Riviera sunshine amid tall palms and flowering bougainvillea, gave us a nostalgic pang, doubtless shared by anybody who has ever dreamed golden dreams in Mother Barclay's palazzo on the Avenue de la Costa while the backroom-boys were in conference over his latest cheque.

An old resident of Monte Carlo once told us that many years ago it was not good form to mention the Casino in the presence of the reigning Prince of Monaco, who himself was wont to refer to it in a distant voice, if unavoidable, as "Over there." ("Là-bas.") But if you mentioned Mother Barclay's joint every Monégasque eye lit up, then as now. Even chaps who defy the regulations by shooting themselves in the Casino Gardens still have only to murmur "Barc—" with their final breath to have their bodies removed by the sanitary squad less hastily and with relative care.

Last time we were at Beaulieu the restaurant-staff at the Réserve would instantly recognise and honour a typical open Barclay face. "Attention! Voilà une vraie bobine de chez Barclay," the head-waiter would cry, and the Réserve was yours for nothing, or practically nothing. Well, nothing under a fiver.

The Barclay Face (we have it) comes only with years of that reciprocal love, trust, and understanding which binds Mother Barclay to her little protégés. We can't describe this mystical bond. If you'd ever heard the throb in a gentle voice murmuring "Four per cent." ...

Chic

To a criminologist discussing the deplorable lack of imagination with which citizens who carve ladies usually dispose of the remains we hasten to mention the artistic sensibility of the chap in a fine short story (*The Cat Jumps*) by Elizabeth Bowen who

carves his wife with leisurely care and puts her heart in her hatbox, saying it belonged there.

Well-dressed women will readily appreciate the symbolism, and the housewife's angle (about which we Fleet Street boys are worried sick) is provided for as well; a place for everything, and everything in its place. You may recall that in Miss Bowen's story the house of the murder overlooks a Thames Valley golfcourse, which must have meant (one assumes) an offstage chorus of redfaced men howling "Fore!", than which nothing is more inimical to the working out of an artistic problem; in fact if this thinker had dumped the lady's heart in the dustbin in the confusion and turmoil of the moment one could hardly have blamed him. His most notable predecessors seem to be the citizens who attended to the Duke of Clarence some time ago.

There was no Empire produce at the period, but they might easily have dumped Clarence in a cask of, say, the kind of claret the French used to export to Scotland. But no. Vintage Malmsey for a gentleman.

Footnote

WHY modern crime-boys are so dull—one thinks of a Parisian bourgeois of the 1900's who received a couple of registered packages, one containing 45 pieces of the Widow Dupont and the other 38 pieces of the Widow Lefèvre—is pretty obvious. Compulsory education has fouled the genial current of their souls. No offence.

Tip

ONCE more the old Cornish trick of referring to visiting sahibs as "foreigners" is annoying a proud, free people, we observe from a recent howl to the papers. Only the natural good breeding of the untutored Celtic peasant hinders us from suggesting that you white men must be pretty dumb not to learn the right technique.

Speaking for the Celt of Wales, we can say that the infallible approach is that of the chap

in *King Solomon's Mines* who keeps doing the monocle-trick. This never fails to awe and fascinate the Welch, and inspires our bards to endless song.

See you how the golden Son of the Dawn
Deigns to drop and catch his magic glass eye!
O my grief, these are great times for the Cymry.

A less intellectual approach would probably do for the Celt of Cornwall. Some authorities advise gifts of cheap mirrors, tin hatchets, trade-cotton, and so forth. You can go more swiftly to Cornish hearts by getting yourself wrecked and cast ashore off, say, Gunwalloe Sands with a pocketful of loose change. It is traditional in these circumstances to cut your throat, but as the locals usually waive this item nowadays your first step is to fascinate the *cacique*. Buy one of his daughters (15 large glass beads). Point constantly to the sun. Big sky light—my pater—Mr. Fauncethorpe-Smythe—plenty big white chief—plenty bangbang—comprennay? Good Heavens, you adventurous New Elizabethans ought to know all this stuff backwards (*Long, brooding silence*).

Call

THOSE of our little readers who may be thinking of going in for a sport becoming daily more popular will be interested in a letter we received last week from Bigamy House, the Bloomsbury H.Q. of the N.U.B.:

DEAR SIR,—While every decent bigamist in the country will thank you wholeheartedly for your sympathetic reference the other day to our aims and ideals, may I venture to suggest that the climatic note might, perhaps, have been stressed a trifle more strongly?

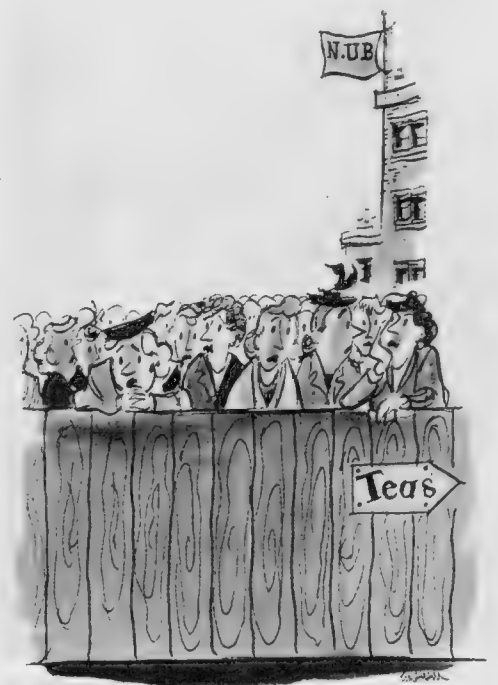
The superiority of bigamy, as a sport, to cricket can hardly be better demonstrated than in terms of weather. Terrified by the gathering clouds, the British cricketer flies in craven panic to the pavilion, amid the hisses of all beholders. Laughing rain, snow, and hail alike to scorn, the British bigamist leaps on his trusty nickel-plated steed and takes the high road to adventure. Westward Ho! Compare this gay adventurer, Sir, with the abject flannelled figure cowering in yon pavilion, and ask yourself where one finds the true spirit of Drake, Hawkins, and Raleigh!

I may add that at Bigamy House we have recently provided an ample enclosure, or corral, for any spare wives our members may care to keep temporarily "on the strength" when they take the open road. Teas at popular prices.

Yours, etc.,

JAS. LOVEBIRD, Org. Sec., N.U.B.
(affiliated T.U.C.)

Mr. Lovebird does not touch on the case of a rain-shy but sincerely bigamous cricketer. Doubtless not a few such may be found, especially among the leading amateur elevens?



"Enclosure, or corral, for any spare wives"



The wedding group at the bride's home, Highfield House, Lound, Retford: Miss J. Stobart, Mr. E. Michaelis, best man, Janet Stobart, the bridegroom, whose home is Farlam Ghyll, Brampton, Cumberland, the bride, Miss G. Colbeck, Miss R. Griffiths and Miss V. Blakiston-Houston

THE ANCIENT CHURCH of St. Bartholomew, Sutton, Notts, was decked with flowers for the wedding of Miss R. Colbeck, daughter of a prominent Nottinghamshire family, and Mr. A. J. Stobart, an equally well-known Cumberland name. Guests came from many parts of the country for the ceremony and reception



Percy S. Laws

On their way to attend the wedding ceremony were Mrs. Rait and Dr. J. Rait, from Sheffield, and Lady Dudley Gordon and Lord Dudley Gordon, who had come up from Sussex



"Roller skates!"

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

A CANDIDATE for the coming elections called on a minister to ask his support. "Before I decide to give you my vote," said the minister, "I would like to ask you a question."

★ "Fire away," said the candidate. ★
"Do you partake of intoxicating beverages?"
"Before I reply, I would like to ask a single question," said the candidate cautiously. "Is this an inquiry or an invitation?"

THE business executive fell in love with an actress and decided to ask her to marry him. Before doing so, however, he employed a private detective to report upon her character and antecedents.

Back came the report:

"The only thing known against this woman is that she has been seen rather often in the company of a business executive of doubtful reputation."

ONE day a Scots visitor to Rhodesia was taken by a Bulawayo friend to the famous World's View, a desolate and rocky spot. When he arrived at the top, the Scot surveyed the mighty panorama.

"Mon," he said in awestruck tones, "what an awfu' place tae lose a gowf ba'."

IN a country pub one evening, an artist mentioned to a local inhabitant that he was looking for a place to live. He was told that a farmer had a place he wished to sell.

"Is the view from the house good?" asked the artist.

"Well," drawled the local, "from the front you can see old Ted's barn and pigsties, but at the back there 's nothin' but a lot of mountains."

ONE very cold morning two friends went out duck shooting. A vacuum flask full of hot coffee kept one of them warm, while frequent nips at a bottle of whisky kept the cold out of the other.

There was no sign of duck for several hours, when suddenly a lone bird appeared overhead. The coffee drinker raised his gun, fired and missed. His companion put down the whisky, raised his gun and brought down the duck with one shot.

"Good shooting," commented the first.

"Easy as pie," said the other with a hiccup. "When a flock like that comes over you're bound to hit one of them."



After dinner, Lord Brabazon, the president of the club, was deep in conversation with Mr. John Dykes



Enjoying the colourful Scots reels during the evening were Mr. D. D. H. Everaert, Mrs. R. Henkart, from Belgium, Mrs. Everaert and Mr. Henkart



Happy meeting was that between Mr. Kenneth Davies, C.B.E., the chairman, and Mrs. Faith Newmark, formerly Miss Faith Bennett



Baroness von Falkenhayn, from Stuttgart, was here dancing a slow foxtrot with Mr. Philip Campbell

INTERNATIONAL FLIERS DINED AND DANCED

SEVEN nations were represented among the 300 guests at the dance given by the Royal Aero Club at the Guards' Boat Club, Maidenhead. At a preliminary dinner, foreign visitors were welcomed by Lord Brabazon



Leaving the crowded dance floor, Mr. John Short, Miss Daphne Charney, Mr. John Brackley and Miss Diana Armitage stood on a flower-decked balcony to watch the lights on the river

Van Hallan

At The Pictures

BRANDO ROUTS
THE CYNICS

Tense moment in the singles final, with spectators clustering round Miss Winsor and Miss Jackson, who was making the winning putt

Marlon Brando avenges his friend's sister, Eva Marie Saint

THERE is nothing pretty about *On the Waterfront*. Nor is there meant to be. It introduces us to the ugliest side of New York's docks under the tyranny of gangster labour bosses. In this wilderness, where human life and dignity count for nothing, the hero (Marlon Brando) is as unpromising a thistle as you could pick—a punch-drunk

and inarticulate young thug.

Even the visual charms of the waterfront are eschewed by the camera. But there is great beauty in this really fine film. The beauty it shows is the growth of human courage and character in this moral cesspool. We see the first shoots of conscience in the hero when he is instrumental in a friend's death. We see it developed through the love of his girl-friend, a part played with great sensitivity by Eva Marie Saint, a newcomer to the screen; and through the influence of a dock-side priest, a part in which Karl Malden excels himself. But gangster loyalties and fears hold him back. Then his brother is murdered. A man at last, he challenges the whole monstrous nightmare of fear and brutality in which he has been brought up and destroys it.

It is an exacting part. Brando measures up to every inch of it. In fact he creates it. This is a splendid performance.

The film is notable for good casting and acting throughout. It owes much, too, to the scripting of Budd Schulberg and the production of Elia Kazan, which blinks at none of the brutality and squalor and yet never loses delicacy. It is a picture you should see.

IT's all right. You can relax. Our own Audrey Hepburn pulls off her second and vital star role in *Sabrina Fair*, film based on the play. She is now established as our principal screen delight for years to come.

The part of Sabrina, chauffeur's daughter who returns from Paris to make havoc among the sons of the wealthy Long Island family, suits her down to the tips of her dainty toes. The idea translates easily into film and Miss Hepburn glides deliciously through her part like some gay and lovely sprite.

No chances have been taken. A top director, Billy Wilder, is on the job. Humphrey Bogart and William Holden are her suitors. Bogart is a curious choice but he produces a devastating, middle-aged charm which is just right.

WE are given another wide-screen eyeful of Hollywood's Roman Empire in *Demetrius and the Gladiators*. Victor Mature, the hero, begins as a good Christian with a firm grip on the commandments concerning killing and coveting one's neighbour's wife. But this is not box-office and spoils sport in the truly magnificent arena set. Susan Hayward, as Messalina, helps modify his principles and soon our hero is skipping round the arena slaying gladiators and tigers left and right and skipping off to Messalina's seaside villa. He reforms in the end, but not before the public has had its moneysworth of Roman scandals.

—Dennis W. Clarke



The afternoon sunshine was welcomed by Miss Judith Scott, her twin sister Jacqueline (right) and Miss Margaret Scott



Well fortified against the weather were international golfers Mrs. Singleton, Miss W. Morgan and Mrs. Milton

COMPETITORS WERE UNDAUNTED by the cold, unseasonable weather at the Girls' Golf Championships at West Kilbride, Ayrshire. The victor was Miss B. Jackson, the Midland champion, who beat Miss D. Winsor at the 20th hole, and in the Junior International between Scotland and England the latter won by 8—1



D. R. Stuart

The English team, new holders of the Stroyan Cup, comprised Miss R. Gale, Miss K. Brown, Miss D. Winsor and Miss A. Brown (back row); Miss J. Yuille, Miss J. Milton, Miss B. Jackson (captain) and Miss A. Ward

THE YOUNG ENTRY AT WIMBLEDON

WHEN the giants of the tennis world have fought their battles and departed, the way is open for other contests. Among the most interesting of these is the Junior Lawn Tennis Championships, played at Wimbledon. Talent and determination is there in plenty as the stars of tomorrow go through their paces, and this year's matches showed a particular richness of promise



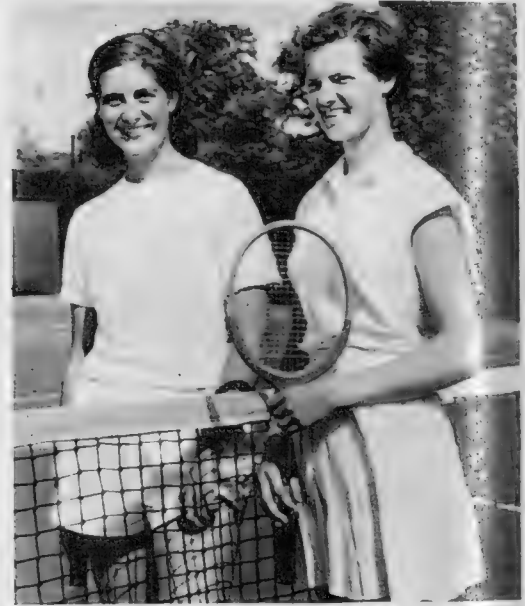
Two very skilful young players, R. D. Bennett and I. M. Paulson, were waiting for their names to be called for the quarter finals of the boys' singles championship



Checking the order of play were Miss Penny Banks, of Surrey, and Miss Beth McGlashan, from Lancashire



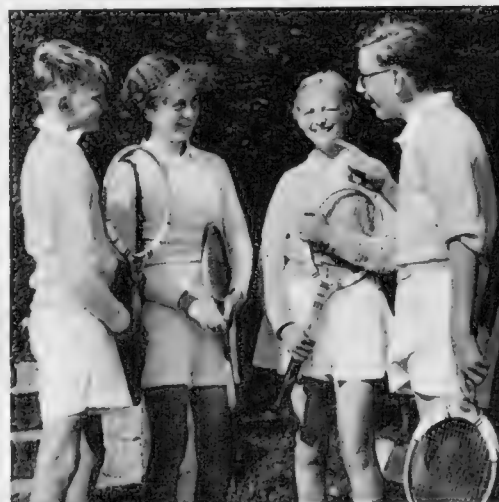
Enjoying a cooling drink after a hard-fought match were Miss Sandra Pool, the Essex girls' champion, and Miss Sheila Armstrong



Miss Sonia Avory, Middlesex girls' doubles champion, had just lost to Miss E. S. Tudor, of Cambridge



Smiling trio comprised Miss Gillian Evans, from Kent, Miss Hazel Moorley, and Miss Joyce Fulton, the Yorkshire girls' champion



Timothy Kerridge, of Manchester, Miss Jennifer Trewby, of Devon, Miss Pat Royan, of Middlesex, and Joe Freeman, of Manchester



Miss A. Fulton and Miss E. J. Fulton, of Yorkshire, congratulate Miss Gillian Hurdman and Miss A. Haydon, of Warwickshire



Speed and determination expressed by Miss Sheila Armstrong, of Manchester, during the finals of the girls' singles



Chasing a ball from the base-line was left-handed Miss A. S. Haydon, who became the new girls' champion



O'Neill

R. D. Bennett, of Sussex, one of the most stylish of the younger players, who has been selected to go to Australia this winter, was here taking part in the finals of the boys' singles championship

Television

WHIPPING-UP COMEDY

• Freda Bruce Lockhart •

A DETERMINED autumn laughter campaign will be launched from Lime Grove next week. To some this may sound more of a threat than a promise, but plans do include a few hopeful prospects.

Next Wednesday Bob Monkhouse takes up again the series which, after a single and spectacular success, he had to abandon because of exhaustion. Monkhouse is a merry, hard-working and intelligent comedian, and might well transfer to TV his sound radio success. But I am doubtful whether he was wise to be over-persuaded that a comedian can carry three-quarters-of-an-hour of TV time. American experience and a "link" formula are invoked. But surely most people prefer half-an-hour of their favourite comedian almost undiluted to three-quarters-of-an-hour of miscellaneous celebrities laced by their favourite comedian.

Two days later Muir and Norden, authors of sound radio's fabulously popular *Take It From Here*, embark on a TV series, introducing their old star, Dick Bentley. Still later in the month, the stout Fred Emney will be back in *Emney Enterprises*. Emney has previously shown himself able to survive even indifferent material.

ON Friday week the old party political wrangle of *In the News* reopens. The programme, of course, is not strictly classified as comedy, or even light entertainment. But thousands of viewers apparently take a morbid pleasure in watching their parliamentary representatives bicker like boorish infants.

Another old programme being revived on Tuesday is *Snapshots*. This depends far more on the individual personalities introducing their albums than on the snapshots themselves. And TV should beware of too many stills. *Where on Earth* is slowly improving. But Alan Houghton Broderick always seems so much more knowledgeable than all his team that he cannot altogether overcome the impression of a very kindly master taking the top form.

GEORGE FOA, TV's operatic champion, on Thursday week presents Puccini's *Girl of the Golden West*. I remember seeing indomitable Jeritza sing it at the New York Met. Puccini's operatic Western was just her style, and I think it may well be Foa's after his lusty *Cavalleria* and *Carmen*. Elaine Malden, who played the child in the TV version of Menotti's *The Medium*, will be a more youthful "girl."

Antony Hopkins' opera, *Three's Company*, made one of TV's happiest occasions. Gay, novel and witty, it proved, as I had hoped, mentionable in the same class as Menotti. Partnership with Michael Flanders as librettist suggested a most fruitful field of intelligent and modern light entertainment.

Richard Dimbleby's visit to Skye enhanced regret that this should be the last of *About Britain*. Lovely scenery and native nostalgia provided rare delight. While Dame Flora McLeod in person gave the programme a taste of the real character which brings life to the machine in our midst.





Vivienne

BARBARA CARTLAND, whose fifty-third novel, *The Enchanted Waltz*, will be published this autumn, has also just brought out *The Fascinating Forties* (Herbert Jenkins; 10s. 6d.), a common-sense and confidence-inspiring guide for women approaching middle age. Miss Cartland is in private life Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, wife of the industrialist, and lives at Camfield Place, Herts.

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

The Happy Four Lost Ladies

THE emancipation of women is an aim of the West. Even here, the idea dawned late—our ancestresses enjoyed few of what we are taught to regard as the modern benefits, though possibly they enjoyed themselves without them. Lesley Blanch's *THE WILDER SHORES OF LOVE*



(John Murray; 15s.) leaves the reader with a disturbing notion—that there are women, or certainly *have* been women, who regret their foregone primitive state (or, one might say, status). The four ladies depicted here definitely reacted against progress: the East drew them, the East they sought.

"ALL of them," says Miss Blanch, "belonged to the West, to the fast-greying climate of nineteenth-century Europe where the twentieth-century disintegration of women, as such, was already foreshadowed." Of widely different natures, backgrounds and origins, all had this in common—each found, in the East, glowing horizons of emotion and daring, which were, for them, now vanishing from the West. And each of them, in her own way, used love as a means of individual expression, of liberation and fulfilment within that radiant periphery.

Who were these adventurous four? Isabel Arundel, the well-brought-up Victorian girl who became the wife of the explorer and Orientalist Richard Burton; convent-nurtured Aimée Dubucq, who, captured by corsairs, was flung into the seraglio of the Grand

Turk; lovely and ever-loving Jane Digby, who as the notorious Lady Ellenborough wrote her own artless page of scandalous history, and the Russian-born Isabelle Eberhardt. This last—nomad, mystic, voluptuary—called herself Si Mahmoud, and roved North Africa dressed as an Arab man.

In each case, the dominating day-dream became reality. Mlle. Dubucq, it is true, had her curious destiny thrust upon her, but profited by what young ladies of her kind had trembled at as "a fate worse than death." The French Sultana (for that she came to be) exercised a determining influence on Turkish state affairs—in her we see, as Miss Blanch points out, a remarkable illustration of the saying "character plus opportunity equals fortune."

It should be added that nothing that happened to Aimée Dubucq came altogether as a surprise; for she had often, at her convent-school, pondered over the prophecy of a coloured fortune-teller. Martinique has given birth to four Creole queens: she herself was born at Pointe Royale, in 1763, her family being of ancient Norman stock. Of the two little girls, cousins, who crept away to visit the old seer, and came back breathless, the other was Josephine—to be, as Napoleon's wife, the unhappy Empress of France.

English Isabel Arundel, handsome but impoverished debutante, had a no less mystic conviction as to her future—she retained through life her interest in the occult. Automatically she turned down offers of marriage—not for *her* was tame and correct prosperity, under the shadow of Queen Victoria. When, walking on the battlements at Boulogne (where her family were in genteel retirement) she encountered Richard Burton, with his leopard-like gaze, she instantly recognised her fate. This strange, dynamic and sometimes dreadful being stood for the world of her wildest

fancies; and, still more, he was the proud girl's master.

The Burton marriage, with its succession of settings in the East, was something deeper and more troublous than a romance, something a shade less worldly than a campaign—a campaign against Richard's haunting ill-fortune. The dauntless respectability of Isabel guaranteed (though sometimes not far enough) the reputation of her maligned hero. A more aggravating woman there seldom was; yet in her devotion and her fulfilment there is something touching.

ONE could wish, all the same, that Miss Blanch could have allotted less space to Isabel, more to the semi-demented yet fascinating Russian, Isabelle, *née* Eberhardt—who, born "in the prim, pale lake-side of Geneva," was to die in the burning desert—and die there, strangest of all, by drowning. The comparatively brief section of *The Wilder Shores of Love* devoted to Isabelle Eberhardt (strange blend of a Brontë and a Dostoevski character) is to my mind by far the most compelling. As for darling Jane—whom it is simplest, in view of her many marriages, to continue to call by her maiden name, Digby—here is the nearest woman out of the four to a modernly recognisable type. Jane, with undiminished temperament and unlost looks, ended, after many amours, in the arms of an Arab husband, for the first time content. My own view is, and remains, that had Jane lived longer, she would have strayed again.

The Wilder Shores of Love seems to me to promise, by every sign, to be an outstanding book of this coming autumn. It might well, given its subject, have been what our uncles (or great-uncles) used to call "hot stuff"—that it is not so, in the vulgar sense, is a testimony to Lesley Blanch's lightness, kindness and irony of style, and her respect for the human passions.

P. HARTLEY showed in his recent novel, *The Go-Between*, his absolute mastery of the modern novel—probably no book so deeply original has been so widely recognised in its time. That as a short-storyist he is no less formidable appears in his latest volume, *THE WHITE WAND* (Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d.). Indeed, as one is reminded, it was in this *genre* that Mr. Hartley first made his name. His feeling for the uncanny margin of life has always had fullest play in his short stories—ordinary event, and commonplace daily

[Continued on page 580]

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

HIGH fidelity recordings from master tapes are now available for owners of home reproducers and recorders.

This innovation has recently been put on the market by His Master's Voice, who have been developing the modern technique of recording on tape since the immediate termination of World War Two, though it is only now that it has been thought fit to put tape recordings on a commercial basis.

Among the first tapes to be released are recordings by Solomon, Yehudi Menuhin, The London Mozart Players, The Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, The Philharmonia Orchestra, and Joe Loss and His Dance Orchestra. These dual track recordings are reproduced at a constant speed, affording distortionless reproduction and unobtrusive background noise. They are presented on seven-inch plastic spools in two series, with a maximum playing time of approximately one hour and forty minutes respectively.

They are capable of faithful reproduction in the home when played on a good quality tape reproducer. At present all the material has already been made available on L.P. records. The prices of spools vary from £4 4s., £3 13s. 6d., £3 3s. to £2 15s. each. I must point out that this system of reproduction is not intended to replace either the L.P., Extended Play or seventy-eight recording; it is in fact complementary to it.

Robert Tredinnick



MASTERS OF THE PALETTE photographed by **BARON**

PIETRO ANNIGONI, whose smooth Italianate style is in marked contrast to the work of the moderns, is enjoying considerable success as a social painter. His complete mastery of technique, coupled with a suggestion of the macabre in his use of light, made his recent exhibition at the Wildenstein Gallery an outstanding occasion for all brands of expert. The majority of his work has been executed in his studio in Florence. He has now been commissioned to paint portraits of H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh



John French



The little feather-trimmed emerald-green melusine hat costs 98s. 6d. and the very good umbrella, with its calf skin covered handle, £4 10s. 0d.

WARM CHOICE

THIS extremely good anthracite grey all-wool pile cloth coat, with its collar of Persian lamb dyed to match, or sooty black, comes from Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, and is our Fashion Choice of the Week. It is the sort of coat that every woman needs all day long from October to March—warm, good-looking and very light. It costs 18 gns. and seems to us very good value for the money. Harvey Nichols also supplied the accessories.

—MARIEL DEANS



Close-up of the enormous handbag called "The Traveller." This is a bag you could live in for a weekend with its wet pack case and capacious room for a pair of shoes. Its price is eight guineas

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

AFTER having woken up for some days now to an unwontedly silent house, I am impelled to reflect on what an extraordinary thing it is that, for the first time in our parental life, we have found the summer school holidays pass almost before they could be expected to. I cannot imagine why it should be, and sit over my breakfast coffee reflecting gloomily that it can only mean I am getting old and time is passing ever more rapidly.

The children, after all, are getting older and older—E.'s feet must surely have reached their maximum, and he has already announced that next summer he is going away for a fortnight on a cycling tour with John—after all, surely at fourteen he will be old enough. When I attempted to counter by saying feebly that at fourteen I wasn't considered old enough for cycling tours with friends, he said that I was a girl anyway, and in the Olden Days it was more dangerous.

I ASK myself again, even more miserably, why my children should take it for granted that I grew up in the days when Grandpapa was habitually asking Grandmamma for the Second Minuet, and wonder sneakingly, not for the first time, whether drain-pipe slacks make me look like mutton dressed as lamb.



My husband rises and says goodbye, remarking in passing that I look rather red in the face and am I sure I feel all right? When he has gone I take another cup of coffee and tell myself that the fact that after all these years he notices what colour my face is, is something, and better than those stories in women's magazines when heroines have to go to incalculable lengths of effort to assure this. The beauty of this thought so overcomes me that tears of emotion pour down my cheeks, and I get up to dab them and see if my face really *is* red. It is.

I feel my forehead to see if it is burning with fever, which doesn't seem to be the case, but this may be because my hand is hot, too. I struggle up to look for the thermometer in the bathroom cupboard, but as nobody has touched it since we had chicken

[Continued on page 578]



White ermine, a fur that for many years has been right outside the fashion picture, runs like a theme-song through the Paris collections. This little barrel muff adds luxury to a simple black outfit, a zip-fastening pocket means it can be used as a handbag. From Molho, of Brook St.

FURS

FUR this season is so integrated in the fashion picture that it seems as all-pervasive as velvet or nylon, with the surrealist fur tea-cup only just round the next corner. Fur blouses, suits and handbags in Paris, fur hats, shawls and muffs in London. With caracal coats lined with civet, mink coats lined with ermine, chinchilla piled on sable, lynx, silver fox, blue fox, marten, seal, beaver, leopard and the long-haired Arctic foxes (now staging a come-back), this is a season of the wildest luxury in furs.

—MARIEL DEANS



This Persian Lamb coat from the National Fur Company has a full swing back, wide raglan sleeves gathered into tapering cuffs and a flat roll-collar that is double furred. Its gleaming blackness is topped by a white ermine beret—a contrast of fur and colour that is much seen this autumn

CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY . . .

pox it has vanished, so I have to stop again, for tears of rage this time. However, I eventually find the thermometer in E.'s handkerchief drawer—why?—and discover that my temperature is a hundred and one.

THIS, I say to myself, feeling more cheerful at once, is the reason for consciousness of gloom and approaching dissolution—it is just oncoming flu or cold. At once I feel like the calmest of film heroines preparing for floods, siege, marauding Apaches, Gestapo raids, etc. Fever lending me unwonted energy, I gather together all current library books, drive rapidly into shopping centre, change books and spend over-generous allocation of housekeeping money on Penguins, magazines and paper handkerchiefs. Then, in a rapid sortie into the grocer's, I order vast quantities of tinned, dehydrated, potted food, and tinned orange juice (the last time I was ill there was almost nothing in the cupboard but tinned anchovies and olives, thirst-making in a fever).

By the time I arrive home, provisioned for any siege, the daily help has arrived and the fever has temporarily departed to leave me blueish and shivering enough to make the D.H. offer me hot water bottles and a nice cuppatea. With the air of a film heroine sighing thank Heaven the ammunition got through, I sigh thank Heaven I've got enough to read and huddle myself into bed with the hot water bottles, gratefully conscious that the



table beside me contains the telephone, twelve novels I haven't read, the radio, a jug full of orange juice, two pounds of apples, a packet of water biscuits and the nice cuppatea. Like this, I feel, I should be able to be ill in comfort without too many people getting irritated with me.

LATER—much later—my husband, having fed the children, heated up some tins for himself and me, and hounded the young into bed, sinks down exhausted beside me. "What an extraordinary thing," he says, "Low t is summer holiday has gone so quickly. I could quite wish E. at home, to help with all this. . . . Do you think," he goes on anxiously, "that we are getting old, with time racing away like this?"

I look at him suspiciously, but refrain from asking if he feels all right, even though he certainly looks rather red in the face. I see no reason at all why I shouldn't have the chance of finishing at least a few of those books.

—Diana Gillon



FURS

BALMAIN'S luxurious suit, which we show above, is made entirely of silk South-West African Persian Lamb. The jacket is lined with white ermine. On the opposite page: Dior designed this mink jacket. It has a pretty, swing back, unemphatic collar and straight, rather wide, three-quarter length sleeves. In London it is made by Debenham & Freebody





Begone dull grate. At last a charming decoration to gladden the hearth while there is still no fire in it. This delightful screen, which can be had in ivory, gold, bronze, and other colours, costs 63s. empty. Fancy pots 6s. each. Plants extra, according to choice. From Selfridges

Trip to the Interior

THE advent of autumn is a time when a little extra gaiety about you, as you go about your domestic occasions, is worth more than at any other time of the year. Here are new ideas to add a touch of originality to the various rooms. All are off the beaten track, and are worth looking at, either as gifts for your friends, or for your own home.

—JEAN CLELAND



Something different for the cocktail party is this attractive "Cherry Bowl" with three cherry picks hanging on either side. You can get it from Selfridges, for the modest cost of £1 16s. 6d.



A two-way plastic bag with gay polka dots, to hang on the bath for sponge and loofah, etc., or on the back of a chair for sewing or knitting. Price 35s. From Marshall and Snelgrove

IN TOWN TODAY

UPON what should have been a hot summer's day, I arrived cold and damp at a luncheon party at which grouse was appropriately served to fit in with the remarks made all round the table regarding the weather. After greeting my host and hostess, I was given a small flat package which—to my surprise and delight—was piping hot. With this between my hands spreading a delicious warmth, I sat purring while I listened to the story of the "Zermopac," for which the party was given.

As its name implies, this is a heat pack designed to provide and maintain heat safely and easily under all conditions. To set it going, all that is needed is a *spoonful of cold water* inserted into a small opening at the top. After a little shaking and "massaging" for a couple of minutes, it becomes hot, and stays hot for seven to nine hours. If desired, the heat can be maintained for as long as sixty hours, merely by adding more water at intervals when it starts to cool.

★ ★ ★

FOR chills, sprains, and rheumatism, and for old people and young children in cases of sickness, "Zermopac," it seems to me, is invaluable. When travelling also, or for any occasion when it would be difficult to procure heat quickly in any other way, it would be extremely useful.

It was used by the British Ski Club on a recent climbing expedition when its worth was effectively proved. One of the members was injured, and, lying on the mountain, developed pneumonia. A "Zermopac" was produced, and, lacking water, snow was inserted, whereupon heat was produced and maintained, with a success that probably saved the man's life.

The small junior size costs 4s. 6d., standard size 6s., and the "double"—which bends in the middle to fit over a shoulder or round the thigh, etc., 7s. 6d. "Zermopacs" can be had from good stores, and all Boots the Chemists.

★ ★ ★

OF all delightful pastimes, reading in bed is one of the most enjoyable. On a chilly night, however, holding the book with hands that get cold and numb detracts from the pleasure. Welcome then to a new bookrest, which is small, light and compact. It takes up little room, is surprisingly strong, and folds flat for travelling. You can put it on the arm of a chair to hold a book while you are knitting, or beside a typewriter for working. It can be had in two sizes: standard model 5s. 6d., heavy short-hand model 7s. 6d.

★ ★ ★

DO you like the lovely liqueur chocolates that run so warmly down the throat—or down your dress if you are not careful—when you bite them? For many years they have been one of the memories of prewar joys, but you can now get them again at Harrods. Small box 6s. 6d., large box in the form of a packing case, 12s. 6d.



Useful and decorative is this new petit-point television lamp, giving a restful and unobtrusive light by which you can see the time without switching on the other lamps. Price seven guineas, it is stocked by Woollands



Beautiful in design and colouring is this unusual Horrockses bath mat which will give a delightful "lift" to the too-often strictly functional appearance of the bathroom. If you are going for a late holiday, it can also be used as a beach wrap. Price 29s. 6d. from Debenhams and Freebody

Dennis Smith



Raymond dressing his beautiful "Morning, Noon and Night" hair style

BEAUTY

COIFFURE CROWNS THE FASHION

• JEAN CLELAND •

FASHION IN THESE DAYS IS AN ALL-EMBRACING WORD THAT PERTAINS NOT TO DRESS ALONE, BUT TO THE FACE, THE HAIR, THE ACCESSORIES, AND EVERYTHING THAT BUILDS UP TO AN ELEGANT ENSEMBLE

THE latest style in a suit, a coat, or a frock, does not necessarily give a fashionable look unless everything else is in keeping. Coiffure, in particular, is an all-important part of the contemporary picture. To wear an *up-to-date* hat with an *out-of-date* hair style, is an anachronism which does justice neither to one nor the other. Better to leave the hat in the shop and keep your money in your pocket.

Looking around one in restaurants and

theatres, in trains, buses and the busy shopping streets, it is true I think to say that women are more hair-conscious today than ever before. To make an individual and successful choice of a new style, however, is a tricky business, since it is not easy to see oneself objectively. The person to do this is a hairdresser who specializes in "styling." These people are artists with an expert eye that takes in the shape of the face, the height of the client, the age, and the whole personality, balancing one against the other before making a decision.

"It is surprising," said one to whom I was talking the other day, "how very far wrong many women can be as to what they *think* would suit them. Especially is this true of the younger ones who come in with a sophisticated picture of someone twice their age and say, 'I would like to look *just* like that.' Sometimes we get the reverse with an older woman who has a yen for a soft, fluffy style, only suitable for a girl in her early twenties. To persuade them both that they are 'off the beam,' and bring them round to another viewpoint, requires considerable tact, but, as a rule, they are co-operative and nearly always highly delighted with the result."

In this matter of seeing how the designs for different faces work out, television is proving of great value. A little while back, if you remember, there was an interesting programme with regard to the subject of hair and hats, about which I was talking at the beginning of this article. A fashionable hat was shown on the wrong hair-do and then on the right one. In the first instance it looked awful and in the second, lovely. It was immediately obvious that, to be effective, one must complement the other.

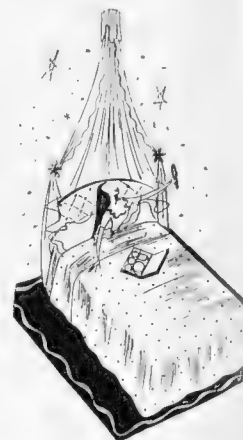
STILL more recently, we had a further opportunity of seeing Raymond, the well-known hair stylist, demonstrating the art of shaping the hair to the face. Among other things, he showed a new hair-fix process, and demonstrated its genuine "stay put" qualities by getting a young Australian model—whose hair had been dressed with it—to plunge down into a tank of water, from which she emerged lovely as Aphrodite from the foam and with not a wisp out of place.

Several women friends who were "looking-in" with me fell in love with some of the styles, and wished they could see them again to fix them in the mind's eye. The following day, I rang Raymond and asked if he could grant this wish, making mention of one style in particular, which had greatly taken my fancy. This—which I found out is called "Morning, Noon and Night"—he kindly offered to have done all over again, and photographed specially for The TATLER. You can see it here, and I think you will agree with me as to the charm of its lovely simple lines.

WHILE on the phone, I got Raymond's views on the Hair Story for autumn, which adds up to a sculptured effect. In his salons, hair will be moulded on classical tailored lines and speaking generally, the new styles will be slightly longer. In discussing the question of length, however, Raymond was emphatic that this depends, not so much on fashion, as on the individual neck length. When the neck is short, the hair should be short, too. If a woman is tall, with a long neck, she can wear a slightly longer hair length, with a suggestion of brush curl fullness.

A fascinating colour innovation for autumn will be a dual effect creating a halo of light, which gradually dims towards the centre of the head.

Before ringing off, I asked the name of the new hair fixer. This is called "Mermaid," and while few would care to go to the chilly extreme of plunging under water to test it, those of us who watched the model doing just this will no doubt be content to accept the maxim that seeing is believing.



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Everybody's Talking About...



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ENGAGEMENTS



Fayer

Miss Hilary Zoe Woodhouse, daughter of Admiral Sir Charles and Lady Woodhouse, of Warlingham, Surrey, is to marry Mr. Julian Kennedy-Cooke, son of Mr. B. Kennedy-Cooke, C.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Kennedy-Cooke, of Rome, and Warlingham



Harlip

Miss Daphne King, daughter of the late Mr. A. R. King, and of Mrs. R. King, of Charlton Park Gate, Cheltenham, is engaged to Capt. P. J. H. Vickers, son of Lt.-Gen. W. Vickers, of Cheltenham, and of the late Mrs. Vickers



Bassano

Miss Judith Averil Campbell, daughter of the Hon. Angus and Mrs. Campbell, of Nantwich, Cheshire, is engaged to be married to Lt. G. St. John Roden Buxton, R.N., son of Capt. R. Buxton, C.B.E., R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. Buxton, of Romsey



COOMBE TENNANT—LUTTMAN-JOHNSON

Mr. A. J. S. Coombe Tennant, son of the late Mr. C. Coombe Tennant, of Vale of Neath, S. Wales, and of Mrs. Coombe Tennant, of Cottesmore Gardens, W.8, married Miss J. M. Luttman-Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Luttman-Johnson, of Billingshurst, Sussex, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster

THEY WERE MARRIED The TATLER'S Review



HITCHCOCK—HARPER

At the Roman Catholic Church, Barnstaple, Devon, Mr. A. G. Hitchcock, T.D., twin son of Major F. B. Hitchcock, M.C., and Mrs. Hitchcock, of Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7, married Miss A. M. Harper, daughter of Major and Mrs. J. W. Harper, of Newton Tracey, Barnstaple



GLAZEBROOK—MANSON

At Ruddington Church, Notts, Mr. John Rimington Glazebrook, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Glazebrook, of Manley Hall, Erbistock, Wrexham, N. Wales, was married to Miss Shirley Manson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Manson, of The Cottage, Ruddington



MERCER—FAIRBAIN

Mr. Peter Mercer, son of the late Mr. F. C. Mercer, and of Mrs. Mercer, of Victoria, Australia, was married to Miss Angela Fairbain, daughter of the late Mr. J. V. Fairbain, of Victoria, and of Mrs. P. Kemble, of Winkfield, Berks, at St. John's Church, Melbourne



BARTLEY—TSIAMOU

The wedding took place at Christ Church, Cockfosters, between Mr. H. T. Bartley, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bartley, of Cockfosters, Herts, and Miss Erepheli Tsiamou, of Salonika, Greece

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of authority

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Broadtail jacket,
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Motoring

Oliver Stewart

Dust Sheets Are In Season



FRUSTRATION must be the keynote of this article because I find myself in possession of large piles of documents and of photographs all marked "Strictly Confidential" until a release date which happens to be after the publication date of these notes. Some hint of the subjects with which these documents are concerned may be given, however, by pointing to the fact that two important motor shows are in the offing. First, the Commercial Show in London and, second, the Paris Salon. Considerable efforts have been made by many manufacturers to present interesting exhibits on both these

important occasions in the automobile world.

As usual, the Paris Salon, opening on October 7, will occupy the Grand Palais and three halls of the Parc des Expositions at the Porte de Versailles. It is the oldest motor show in the world, having been first held in 1898, and this year 107 different makes of motor car from nine different countries will be displayed. Britain comes next to the French in numbers of exhibitors, and after Britain America, Germany, Italy and Spain in that order.

It has been arranged that the French President, M. René Coty, will make his official visit to the Salon on the second day, October 8, in the morning.

Without breaking confidence it is difficult even to generalize about what our manufacturers will be showing, but I do not think that sensational novelties should be expected from them in Paris, although there may be a different story to tell when we come to the London Motor Show on October 20.

BOOKS do not normally come within my province in these motoring notes, but I have lately been reading a book by John Marshall called *Recreation—Motoring*, and it has entertained me so much that I would like to bring it to the notice of motorists in general. The publishers are Hodder and Stoughton and the book is illustrated by "Gus."

Probably the most concise way to give an impression of the manner and matter of this volume is to quote the dedication. It is: "To David John, the perfect passenger who never offers a word of advice to the driver and has motored more in the first six months of his life than did his father in his first sixteen years."

The illustrations are a delight and altogether I have not found a more entertaining little volume on motoring for many years.

PROOF that it is possible to devise a satisfactory treatment for traffic congestion was provided by the Farnborough police on the occasion of the last day of the S.B.A.C. display. As the papers announced, there was a record number of motor cars and coaches, not to speak of the many thousands of motor cycles and sidecar outfits. Yet the Farnborough police handled the situation so well that leaving the aerodrome was a far less troublesome matter than it has been in the past. One of the things that preserved drivers' tempers and an even flow was that they managed to discourage the activities of queue jumpers. Check this practice and you reduce the misery of the motor queue.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH looks over the new 165-m.p.h. sports Mercedes in company with the firm's racing designer, Mr. R. Uhlenhaut

No praise, however, can be accorded to British Railways. At the Ash level crossing they held up miles of traffic for hours on end while shunting locomotives puffed backwards and forwards in a leisurely manner. Nor was the traffic control so good at points farther from Farnborough, for example, Guildford. Indeed, it was at some of these places well away from the aerodrome that the most serious hold-ups occurred. There has been in the past so much criticism of the Farnborough traffic arrangements that it is only just to pay tribute when the work is well done.



Derek Adkins

Sandy Wilson, author-composer of that brilliant revue *The Boy Friend*, has written and illustrated his first book, *This Is Sylvia*, which Max Parrish publish shortly at 8s. 6d. Sylvia, here quite clearly giving her master fresh inspiration, is said to have "had eight or nine lives rich in achievement and madly glamorous"

Book Reviews [Continuing from page 572]

THE NIGHTMARISH AZALEAS

experience, for his characters, has within it something just always out-of-the true, something disconcerting.

Arrival at a country house for a weekend visit is fraught with more than casual apprehensions—and not, as some of these tales demonstrate, for no reason! The most bland establishment may be a witches' stronghold—"Enter these enchanted woods ye who dare!" might well be written over the well kept gates of many of the mansions in Hartley stories—as *Withelings En Monkshead Manor*, *The Two Vaynes* and *Up The Garden Path* show.

Also, here is a sense of human predicament involved in the most passing social encounter, and a genius for pointing the bizarre situation with which neither you nor I would know how to cope—what does one do, for instance when returning after a river swim one finds that someone else (moreover, sinister stranger) has fully arrayed himself in one's clothes, and uncompromisingly refuses to give them back? In *Up The Garden Path*, an uneasy couple of lovers step by step converge upon one another between nightmarishly brilliant ranks of azaleas—they are right: their host is about to take his revenge.

SOME of the stories in *The While Wand* are welcome reprints from the Searly collections. But the title-story, placed first in the book, is lately written, and (as it should be, for literary power is cumulative) the more remarkable. The scene is Venice—Venice seen through the eyes of an Englishman who lived there before the war, and who returns to find himself psychologically adrift and estranged: landmarks gone, loyalties less substantial.

Beautifully the watery city quivers and glows, though also shadows and darkens, in beautiful writing. Everything concentrates in the personality of the mysterious watcher from the window of the palace across the narrow canal—in the rapture of a crazy, discovered love, in the despair of conspiracy, loss, extrusion. The tale is a masterpiece—and the collection ends with a further episode between Eustace and Hilda; that close-linked and obsessing brother and sister around whom the Hartley trilogy-novel, some years ago, was built.

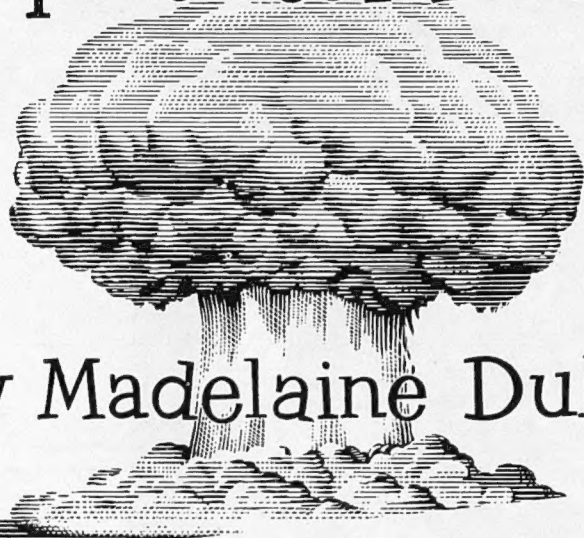
★ ★ ★

CHILDREN, perhaps, are given too many books at Christmas, not enough in all the rest of the year. What better than reading to stave off the mid-September, end-of-the-holidays mood? **THE PEOPLE IN THE GARDEN**, by Lorna Wood (Dent, 7s. 6d.), has an eight-year-old heroine, Caroline, who relates what happens, but this magic-adventure story should find its way to anyone up from Caroline's age to eighty—or, indeed, more: Bill Pettigrew the flying gardener, Hag Dowsabel the rather county English witch and her dressy French opposite number, the Witch Merlaine, Mr. and Mrs. Raven (who live abroad) and Mrs. Rabbit, homesick in the South of France, are persons one ought not to fail to meet.

Here is fantasy without silly whimsy—told with the same cosy matter-of-factness as are *Alice In Wonderland* and the E. Nesbit stories. And the illustrator, Joan Kiddell-Monroe, adds to laughs and thrills: she is properly in the mood.



Top Secret Mission



by Madelaine Duke

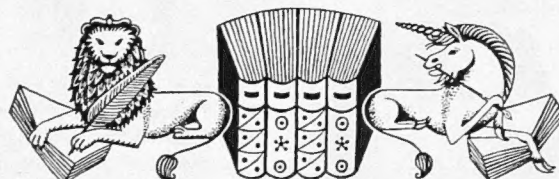
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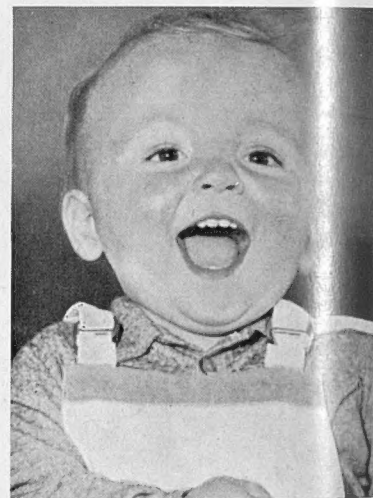


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